Mr. Truman and the Collectors—*An Editorial*

THE *Nation*

October 27, 1951

BATTLE FOR FREE SCHOOLS

Fever Spots in Education

BY MORRIS MITCHELL

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The Dilemma of Reform

Boston and Philadelphia

BY JOHN P. MALLAN AND CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

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The Aluminum Squeeze - - - - - *Richard L. Neuberger*

Suicide by Oil - - - - - - - - - - - *Marcelle Michelin*

Days of Destiny for France - - - - - *Alexander Werth*

Notes by the Way - - - - - - - - - *Margaret Marshall*

OCT 25 1951

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Radio Wisconsin

New Richmond, Wisconsin

IN 1918 the United States government ordered all radio and wireless stations to tear down their installations and stop operating. The reason was the danger that radio might be used to give information to our enemies. But just before the University of Wisconsin's experimental station, WHA, began to dismantle its equipment, the navy stepped in and ordered it to carry on experimental work in cooperation with the navy at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Beginning with WHA, the oldest radio station in the United States, Wisconsin has continuously used radio in the service of its people.

Today the state operates seven stations and has plans for two more. What they offer is not duplicated by any other station anywhere. The programs are planned to appeal to special groups rather than to almost everybody—something that only stations which are not compelled to hold a mass audience can afford to do.

The average broadcast day begins at 7 a. m. with a program for farmers, followed by a news broadcast and weather information for fliers and travelers. Day and evening time is allotted to adult courses from the university classrooms. A Home Service feature is on every morning, dealing with such varied topics as Keys to Good Food Buys, Questions About Your Baby, Invitation to Reading, Outdoor Food and Fun, and so on. Throughout the day and evening there are concerts and recitals, readings, and theatrical productions. The broadcast day ends at 11 p. m. In the early period of radio Wisconsin pioneered in technical developments; today it is still pioneering but in the matter of programs. It is recognized nationally as a leader in the field of educational broadcasting.

Many of the programs originate at Radio Hall, the campus home of WHA, and are broadcast simultaneously over the seven state-controlled stations. Provision is made for special features of regional interest over the local stations. Radio Hall is also a working laboratory, giving students at the university varied opportunities for training and experience under the supervision of the regular staff members.

WHA in Madison and WLBL in Auburndale are AM stations; the other stations are FM, carrying the program service to the boundaries of Wisconsin. WHA serves the south-central part of the state; WHAD in Delafield, the southeastern part; WHKW in Chilton, the eastern; WHRM in Rib Mountain, the central; and WHLA in Holman and WHWC in Colfax, the western. A station for the Ashland-Superior region and one for the southwestern part of the state are planned.

These stations do not compete with private stations or networks since they do not sell time and use frequencies set aside for educational use. Their programs, moreover, are of a type and length not attractive to commercial stations or advertisers. Commercial networks, however, may rebroadcast without charge any state-station feature. There are more than fifty privately owned AM stations in Wisconsin and more than twenty-five FM stations.

The State Radio Council was created by the Wisconsin legislature to plan, construct, and develop the state system of radio broadcasting for the presentation of public-service programs. Its members are the governor, the president of the University of Wisconsin, and nine other educators and professional men. Wisconsin feels that radio is an instantaneous, efficient, and economical mass-communications medium, and that a modern state, to keep pace with the times, must use all available modern devices.

When compared with other services people buy, the cost of programming and operating the state-wide network for a full year is estimated at about ten cents per person; five thousand hours of good-quality radio service cost no more than the tax on two packages of cigarettes. To build a complete transmitting station in the network costs less than to build one mile of modern highway.

"Where," asks Wisconsin, "can we buy education at a lower cost?"

A. L. LINDELL

Catholic-Baiting: Cowboy Style

Denver, Colorado

HARVEY SPRINGER, the cowboy evangelist who used to bait the Jews, now gives top billing on the huge marquee of his tabernacle in a suburb of Denver to the "papists." Under the name of the American Protestant League, Springer is busily exporting a hate-the-Catholics virus thinly coated with sex, sensationalism, and religion.

Currently Springer's best-selling pamphlets are those ancient thrillers "My Life in the Convent" and "I was a Priest," the first describing in 258 "burning pages the terrible experiences of helpless and defenseless girls within the high stone walls of the convent." The forged "Knights of Columbus Oath" which he now peddles is every bit as discredited as the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Branded as "fake and libelous and spurious" by a Congressional committee as long ago as 1913, the oath states that members of the Knights of Columbus must "hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle, and bury alive . . . infamous heretics, Protestants, and Masons." Recently an Oklahoma minister distributed copies of Springer's reprint of the oath and read its contents from the pulpit of his church. The Knights of Columbus brought action for libel, and the minister pleaded guilty. Springer branded the retraction "spineless . . . dictated by Rome."

In his appearances Springer exploits the stereotype of the lanky, easygoing, drawling cowboy. But by the time he has taken off his ten-gallon Stetson and fringed vest, he has become the enraged bigot. He is then likely to clear the distance between the pulpit and the front row of seats in a frenzied leap. Standing on two chairs, hands on hips, he likes to boom his favorite accusation that all President Truman's important appointees are Catholics.

Harvey Springer is riding high in the saddle these days. The "anti-Catholic" line of sermons and pamphlets is moving briskly, and the audiences at the tabernacle are noisy and generous.

NATHAN PERLMUTTER

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

ALTHOUGH THE TIMING OF THE PRESIDENT'S appointment of General Mark W. Clark, an Episcopalian and a Thirty-third Degree Mason, as this country's first ambassador to the Vatican since 1868 was unexpected, the decision had apparently been made some months back. (The announcement came as a surprise even to Joseph Short, the President's press secretary, having been made by one of the President's assistants.) The omniscient Walter Winchell had predicted the appointment late in August. In fact, the decision seems to date from the President's disappointment over the results of Myron Taylor's visit to England in June. Mr. Taylor, it is reported, had conferred with a number of prominent Anglican spokesmen over a pet project of the President's—the issuance of a joint statement against communism which would be signed by the leaders of Protestantism and Judaism and by the Pope; well aware that the Pope had not agreed to sign such a statement, the Anglican leaders had showed little enthusiasm.

*

BUT THE IMMEDIATE REASONS FOR THE appointment, and its timing, are largely political. By making an interim appointment the President has thrown the issue of confirmation into 1952, knowing that Senators who might want to oppose it will hesitate to do so in 1952. The President's action is a clear bid for Catholic support in 1952—a device by which Republicans who draw most of their support from middle-class Protestants can be placed in an embarrassing position in certain key areas and by which the impact of McCarthyism on Catholics can be offset. Mr. Truman's political advisers made careful note of Senator Tydings's failure to hold the allegiance of Baltimore Catholics in 1950. The appointment raises issues of great importance which we will deal with later. Here we would merely call attention to the cynicism with which the President, for reasons substantially political, has injected a religious issue which can arouse great bitterness into the 1952 election. The attempt to conceal this motivation by a casual phrase about "combating communism" will deceive no one. Whether he realizes it or not, Mr. Truman has invited the vigorous opposition of the leaders of American Protestantism, who cannot permit the appointment to go unchallenged, particularly in view of the President's solemn assurances to these leaders, within the last year, that it would not be made. The President's strategy, however, failed to anticipate a basic point: General Clark does not want to resign his army commission, and a bill to exempt him from legislation prohibiting acceptance of an appointment of this character by a commissioned officer was not passed. Hence, there is little likelihood of a recess appointment unless the President can induce General Clark to resign his commission. This will hold up the appointment until the Senate acts, thereby giving those who are opposed to sending an ambassador to the Vatican a chance to be heard.

*

SOME PEOPLE CONTINUE TO FEAR PEACE AS though it were a special scourge or disaster. According to Emperor Bao Dai of Indo-China, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and top Franco-British officials in Hongkong, a Korean peace would release Chinese Communist armies for a thrust at Indo-China. These recurrent "fears of peace" are relevant to the grinding U. N. fall offensive in Korea and General Ridgway's recent statement. In clear contradiction of his statement of March 12—that a conclusion of the war at the Thirty-eighth Parallel would be acceptable—the General recently told newsmen that the truce line must be the line of battle when a cease-fire is approved. At the same press conference General Ridgway underscored the fact that his present tactics of pinning down a larger army with a smaller one had been so effective that General Bradley's October 4 assessment of the situation was now confirmed. On that day Bradley had remarked that "there is a chance of winning a military decision in Korea." By way of explaining what this might mean, Ridgway added, "We certainly will have ground we can defend"—a clear reference to the mountainous regions of North Korea.

*

IT IS NO SECRET THAT "SECRET" PLANS ARE being pushed at the Pentagon to end the war. These plans, which have been commented upon in the press, call for amphibious landings at Korea's narrow neck on the scale of the Inchon landing last year and a swift

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mopping-up operation which would leave the U. N. in control of all but the wild northeastern part of the peninsula. This is doubtless what General Bradley means by "a military victory." If so, then the cease-fire negotiations will continue to be stalled until this objective has been realized. The Administration would like to see the war over before next year's election, but it wants to end it on a note of triumph that will seal the lips of those who would otherwise shout "appeasement." This strategy may be "realistic," but it is hardly consistent with the declared objectives of the United Nations.

*

SUPPOSE A LEADING RUSSIAN MAGAZINE devoted a whole issue to a preview of a coming war with the West and its aftermath—occupation and sovietization of the United States. It is not hard to imagine the reaction in this country to such a journalistic stunt. We ought not to be surprised, therefore, if the indulgence of *Collier's* in just such a flight of fancy appears to people behind the iron curtain, and to some in front of it, as evidence of American "warmongering." Of course, the editors try to forestall such accusations. In their introduction, they declare that they are "emphatically opposed to any suggestion of a 'preventive' war," and that whether or not the world is plunged into catastrophe depends entirely on the Soviet government. In their imaginary history World War III starts in May, 1952, with the attempted assassination of Marshall Tito and the invasion of Yugoslavia by the satellite states aided by the Red Army. The United Nations intervenes, both Russia and the West are heavily atom-bombed, and after fearful losses Russia is invaded and its oppressed peoples rise in revolt. There follows an account of the birth of freedom and democracy in the liberated territories assisted by such midwives as Russian editions of *Collier's*, *Life*, the *Reader's Digest*, and "Little Orphan Annie." This idyllic epilogue has its humorous moments, but the effect of the whole magazine, with its lurid pictures of atom bombing, is fairly nauseating, and we regret that such men as Robert Sherwood, Allan Nevins, Edward R. Murrow, and J. B. Priestley should have aided in its production. Probably it will sell like hot cakes—sensationalism is a great fillip to circulation—but as propaganda it is likely to prove far more helpful to Moscow than to Washington.

*

"CONTRARY TO THE INTERESTS OF THE United States" is the reason the State Department has given for denying a passport to Corliss Lamont. There is no bill of particulars. Evidently the department believes it has discretionary power to withhold credentials without which citizenship is incomplete and to do so arbitrarily. But no law sanctions this assumption of power. The intent of the Constitution is to protect

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citizens against just such arbitrary exercise of administrative functions. In an open letter to President Truman, Dr. Lamont aptly described the State Department's action as "a kind of house arrest for no ascertainable crime." Discussing causes and effects, he says, "From my extended correspondence with government officials and from inquiries others have made on my behalf, it is evident that a primary reason for the State Department rejecting my passport application was that I have publicly expressed disagreement with certain aspects of United States foreign policy. In truth, I make no secret of the fact that I so dissent, and vigorously. But for the State Department to penalize me for exercising my right of dissent is to nullify the basic principles of our Constitution. The penalty is particularly heavy in the case of teachers, scholars, and writers like myself since travel abroad is of such importance for our regular work." The words "penalize" and "penalty" give the key to the whole business. Depriving citizens of the right to travel is another of the many means which are being employed to silence dissent and force conformity.

*

MOBILIZATION CHIEF CHARLES E. WILSON, in response to public protest, announced on August 18 a sixty-day moratorium on the granting of certificates of necessity on new plant construction entitling the holders to take advantage of the tax-amortization provisions of the Revenue Act of 1950. The reason for the "moratorium" is now clear. The Revenue Act of 1950 provided that projects would lose their eligibility for accelerated tax amortization unless certificates of necessity were issued within a year after the passage of the act. This made September 23, 1951, the deadline. Hence the declaration of a "moratorium" diverted attention from the program for a strategic interval, during which the mad rush to secure certificates before the deadline passed could be conducted under cover of public indifference. Defense Production Administration officials now contend that, in any case, the "moratorium" was a misnomer. They merely wanted a "breathing space" in which they could process the back log of applications. There can be little doubt that these officials have been working overtime: between September 20 and September 22 some 456 applications were approved. During the last sixty days, in fact, a total of 1,483 certificates have been issued—more than for any comparable period since the program was launched a year ago.

*

ADD ANOTHER COMMUNITY TO THE LIST OF "fever spots" in American education compiled by Morris Mitchell on page 344. Falls Church, Virginia, is a community of 7,500 people. Critics of the school administration complained about many things, but mostly about a pupil-exchange agreement and the fact that two new schools were not completed on schedule. Fifteen minutes after taking office, a new City Council voted to investigate charges of maladministration filed by six citizens, although the schools were not an issue in the campaign, and gave the school board twenty-four hours in which to reply to the charges. When the board members returned with a twenty-two-page detailed answer to the charges, they were told that the reply would be discussed in a closed session, although the charges against them had been widely aired at an open meeting. Then the familiar razzle-dazzle campaign began, with an advertisement in the local newspaper extolling the notorious Pasadena school inquisition. After putting up with this harassment for a time, the six members of the board finally resigned as a group, and Falls Church was left without a school board. Shocked by this dramatic action, over a thousand residents signed petitions to the City Council urging it to discontinue the investigation and to reject the resignations. Out of this protest has come an emergency committee of citizens determined to protect the schools of Falls Church. As in all similar situations, the issue is not whether a school board should be criticized but whether the public-school system is to be undermined. Criticism is one thing; an organized assault on the school system is quite another matter.

*

AN IMPASSE HAS BEEN REACHED IN THE negotiations which began late in September between the R. F. C. and representatives of the Bolivian government on a long-term contract governing the price of tin. When the R. F. C. suspended purchases of Bolivian tin last May because of alleged price gouging, only the assumption of power by a military junta forestalled a coup d'état by Victor Paz Estenssoro, who had been exploiting the tin workers' discontent. Currently the R. F. C. has been purchasing tin on a month-to-month basis at $1.12 a pound, pending negotiations for a new contract. The price of tin is, of course, a crucial factor in the economy of Bolivia as that economy is now organized. Some 59 per cent of Bolivia's taxes and 89 per cent of its foreign exchange come from tin. The Bolivian negotiators contend that the counter-measures taken by the R. F. C. when England devalued the pound in the first half of 1950 artifically depressed the price of tin and that averages for this period should not be used in determining a new price. They also call attention to the fact that smelting charges assessed against Bolivian producers at the refinery at Longhorn, Texas, have increased more than 300 per cent since the initial contract to supply concentrates was signed. On the other hand, the R. F. C. negotiators refer to the Senate tin report, which contains some unkind references to price-fixing, and point out that "the battle against inflation is also part of the fight against communism."

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IT WOULD BE MOST UNFORTUNATE IF THE negotiations were to be terminated. The United Nations has just released a preliminary report outlining a long-range plan for the development of Bolivia's economy which, if realized, would greatly reduce its dependence on tin. The report points out that Bolivians describe their country as "a beggar sitting on a chair of gold" and that the description approximates the facts. Few countries in the world have a greater diversity of raw materials than Bolivia; yet the per capita income remains extremely low. The political consequences of the dependence on tin have been as grave as the economic. No legally elected President of Bolivia has served out his normal term during the last twenty-five years, and Bolivia has experienced 175 revolutions since its liberation from Spain. Should the present negotiations fail or should we succeed in forcing the Bolivians to accept a price dictated by American can companies, the consequences might well include the rise to power of Victor Paz Estenssoro and the disruption of the work of the four-man U. N. economic mission to Bolivia. A higher price for tin would not solve Bolivia's economic problem any more than an increase in the price of copper would remedy every social evil in Chile (see Carleton Beals's article, Copper, Chile, and Communism, *The Nation*, October 13). Almost as important as the price is the manner in which the price is determined. On this score we should be able to profit from the British experience in Iran. Certainly the negotiations have not been furthered by such pressure tactics as the suggestion that a usable substitute for the tin can, made of aluminum and plastic, is now available.

Time to Parley?

BEFORE his recent departure from Moscow, the American Ambassador, Alan G. Kirk, asked the Soviet government to assist in the achievement of a Korean armistice as an essential first step toward the improvement of international relations. In his reply Foreign Minister Vishinsky asked how it was possible to take seriously suggestions of better relations between the Soviet Union and the United States after Mr. Truman's declaration on September 17 that agreements with the Soviet Union were not worth the paper they were written on.

This may be just a debating point, but followed as it was by an offer to discuss all unsettled questions, it is one that illuminates the folly of Mr. Truman's off-the-cuff diplomacy, which has once again put the State Department on the spot. How now, asks the *Wall Street Journal* of October 19, "can we accept the proposal to negotiate when our position is that any agreement is worthless? Yet how can we turn it down without giving the world the impression that we are, as Mr. Vishinsky charges, not interested in negotiated settlements?"

Actually the President does not seem to have abandoned all hopes of reaching agreement with Moscow. In a speech at Wake Forest College on October 16 he said: "Once we have defenses strong enough to prevent the sneaking, creeping kind of aggression that Hitler practiced—what is the next step? Must we then have a showdown, and a war until one side or another is completely victorious? I think not. . . . As our strength increases, we should be able to negotiate settlements that the Soviet Union will respect and live up to." The same idea was expressed more succinctly by Mr. Churchill in one of his election speeches: "I do not hold that we should rearm in order to fight. I hold that we should rearm in order to parley."

Does this mean that the Western nations should refuse to negotiate until the completion of their arms programs gives them overwhelming superiority over the Soviet bloc? That might seem to imply, as some European commentators have suggested, a desire not to parley but to dictate terms. Even the London *Economist*, which is very pro-American and strongly supports rearmament, noted in a recent issue that "in large measure the present American program is designed for fighting Russia, not for staying at peace by deterring a Russian aggression." Agreeing that there was need for greater arms production in the near future, this journal suggested that the long-term program was being "over-done" and should be cut back before it created too much dislocation. "Moreover," it added, "it is not safe for the world for either side to be overwhelmingly stronger than the other—even if it is our side and inspired by the most pacific of intentions. Good men are not exempt from temptation."

The world will certainly be more impressed with our good intentions if at every stage in our defense building we show ourselves ready to negotiate and to compromise in so far as this can be done without sacrificing basic democratic principles. That appears to be Mr. Churchill's view, for he has committed himself to attempting to organize a big-power meeting "on the highest level" should he win the election. Nor has Mr. Truman ruled out negotiation. In the same Wake Forest address he declared: "We are ready now as we have always been to sit down with the Soviet Union and work together for lifting the burden of armaments."

In the light of that statement the worth of Mr. Vishinsky's suggestion of four-power negotiations should certainly be tested, skeptical as we may be about its sincerity. Apart from any moral considerations, that would be practical diplomacy. For we cannot be sure that time is on our side. True, we and our allies in N. A. T. O. are fairly steadily increasing our military strength, but the economic cost is beginning to sap the strength of the Western world. Britain, as Keith Hutchison showed in

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two recent articles, and France, as Alexander Werth notes in this issue, are both approaching inflationary crises. And this country, strong as it is, is not altogether immune from economic difficulties. The tax bill just signed by the President is inadequate as a counter-inflationary measure; yet even so it will prove painful to all income groups. And we are nearing the moment when the diversion of resources to arms manufacture is really going to pinch civilian consumption, the moment when we shall have to face the choice of "guns or butter" with all its social, economic, and political implications. We must not, therefore, allow either pride or overconfidence to prevent us from seizing even the slenderest chance of reaching an agreement with our adversary.

Mr. Truman and the Collectors

WITHIN the last seven months three regional collectors for the Bureau of Internal Revenue have either resigned under fire or have been replaced; Commissioner George J. Schoeneman has resigned "for reasons of health"; Assistant Commissioner Daniel A. Bolich has requested reassignment for the same reason; the collector in the San Francisco office and eight top assistants have been suspended; seven employees of the Bureau in Wisconsin have also been suspended; the chief field agent in northern California is under indictment; James P. Finnegan, formerly the Bureau's collector in St. Louis, is under indictment; Denis W. Delaney, formerly collector for Massachusetts, has been indicted for accepting bribes; and serious charges have been made against officials of the Alcohol Tax Unit in New York and New Jersey. Officials of the bureau have been charged with participating in shake-downs, conniving with racketeers, accepting bribes, and failing to prosecute fraud cases. Indeed, the simplest conclusion to be drawn would seem to be that if the bureau's collectors had been half as energetic in collecting taxes as some of them were in collecting personal pay-offs, receipts last year would have been considerably more than fifty billion dollars.

Several aspects of the current investigations are of special interest. When the St. Louis grand jury, in its first investigation, failed to indict Finnegan, Judge George H. Moore charged that "certain parties in official quarters did not show much zeal in giving the jury or the United States Attorney's office all the assistance to which they were entitled." In fact, Finnegan would not have been indicted if Senator John H. Williams had not insisted that the Treasury Department produce a mysterious "missing file" which contained the vital evidence. In both St. Louis and San Francisco the Department of Justice sought to discourage investigations. It is apparent, however, that Senator Williams has received substantial aid from the lower echelons of the bureau.

Not only have various federal agencies sought to cover up for the bureau, but still other agencies have apparently cooperated splendidly with the extra-curricular activties of the more ambitious collectors. Senator Williams has shown, for example, how Dan M. Nee, then collector for the Western District of Missouri, and the Kansas City business man Ardeis M. Myers managed to lease grain-storage facilities from a government agency for the "ridiculously low" rental of less than $1,000 a month, and four days later subleased these facilities to still another government agency under an agreement which paid them $382,201.11 in the next twenty months. The file on a claim for delinquent taxes against Myers in the amount of $675,344 gathered dust in Nee's office during the period he was collector. Mr. Nee now represents Mr. Myers.

Then there is the issue of whether collectorships should be merit or patronage appointments. Not only are collectorships ideally suited for merit appointment under civil service, as the Hoover Commission recommended two years ago, but the current investigations overwhelmingly confirm the fact that patronage appointees are likely to be incompetent. Mr. Finnegan, a close friend of the President, complained that his duties as collector at a salary of $10,000 sometimes required him to spend as much as two or three days a week in his office. The salary was so low, in fact, that he had to scrounge around "on the outside" to pick up $40,000 a year just to make ends meet. On the score of competence, his own income-tax returns were defective for a three-year period. Incidentally, Finnegan's 1949 return showed deductions of $4,689 for entertainment, $3,093 for transportation, and $3,212 for hotel bills.

These issues are more important than the question of partisan responsibility or the degree to which the entire mess can be laid at the door of Mr. Truman. "Collecting on the side" is a bi-partisan shortcoming; indeed it is an aspect of the functioning of our society. What corrupt collectors have managed to pick up "on the side," in any case, is a meager tip by comparison, for example, with what private corporations have collected under the accelerated tax-amortization program. Or consider the report of Comptroller General Lindsay C. Warren, last spring, charging that the Maritime Commission had failed to account for two billion dollars. Among the items to which Mr. Warren took exception were $394,806,000 paid to shipowners and shipbuilders in the guise of "construction-differential subsidies"; an item of $28,013,144 improperly paid for so-called "defense features"; and a huge sum paid in 1950 to private shipowners who actually leased to the government for trans-Pacific service ships which in fact belonged to the government.

Nevertheless, Mr. Truman's handling of the issue to date has shown political ineptness and a familiar willingness to enshrine personal friendships. Almost in the act

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of accepting the resignation of William Boyle as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the President expressed confidence in Mr. Boyle and denied that his resignation had been requested. While admitting that collectors should not hold outside jobs, Mr. Truman still disapproves of merit appointments. This general attitude creates an unfortunate impression that the President shares the same conception of public service as that exemplified in the careers of Boyle and Finnegan. By not meeting the moral issue squarely the President has placed himself in a vulnerable political position. Tax evaders are still a minority, and taxes are high and going higher. Those who pay their taxes—and most people are old-fashioned enough to think that they should—will not relish these stories about corrupt tax collectors when they can read, in a parallel column, that this year's tax increase on individual incomes may be 11 per cent or higher. The issue of the collectors is not one that can be met by fighting headlines with headlines. Without further delay Mr. Truman should repudiate the conception of public service implicit in the conduct of these conniving collectors; he should indorse the principle of merit appointments; and he should issue strong directives to the Justice and Treasury departments to press all pending investigations. This will not safeguard the public against corruption in government, but it may help to scotch the widespread impression that anyone who pays taxes is a sucker.

The Aluminum Squeeze

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Seattle, October 18

IN A region where not an ounce of aluminum was produced before 1940, this strategic light metal has suddenly become red-hot politically. Timber was once the key to the Northwest's great political controversies. Now it is aluminum.

More than 43 per cent of the hydroelectric power produced by the federal government on the Columbia River is sold to aluminum plants. An argument is going on all the way from the Continental Divide to the Pacific coast over whether this is responsible for the most serious power shortage in the history of the Northwest. Many private-utility spokesmen say too much electricity has been allocated to aluminum production. Economists of the Bonneville Power Administration, on the other hand, insist there would be plenty of kilowatts for aluminum plants and all other users if the power companies had not discouraged construction of additional federal dams several years ago.

Few people in the Northwest took seriously Charles E. Wilson's suggestion that some of the aluminum plants now located in Washington and Oregon be moved elsewhere. Several newspapers declared that the usually astute Wilson had been handed a lemon he ought never to have squeezed in public. It was obvious immediately that nowhere else in the country was there a surplus store of electricity such as the plants would require. Furthermore, the Columbia River rate is exceptionally low —two mills a kilowatt-hour. In many areas the industrial rate is at least four mills. Would the aluminum industry risk setting up plants which would have to pay four mills for power, particularly when the Aluminum Company of Canada is constructing the vast Kitimat project in British Columbia, where the rate may be only one mill?

Last year the government collected $35,702,461 for power from Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams. Aluminum companies paid nearly 44 per cent of this sum. The "Big Three" divided the output in approximately this fashion: Henry J. Kaiser got 393,000 kilowatts; Reynolds Metals, 236,000; the Aluminum Company of America, 175,000. Alcoa's share will be practically doubled when its new factory at Wenatchee is completed, probably within the next twelve months.

The Northwest has desperately needed industrial employment and permanent pay rolls. For decades it has survived economically by exploiting its natural resources —timber, fish, grazing land, and minerals. But because aluminum charges about 70 per cent of its total production cost to power, some economists have feared that too much of the Bonneville-Coulee generating capacity was allocated to its manufacture. These men see the region's hydroelectric riches being exported in the shape of aluminum ingots.

However, the amount of employment resulting from the new aluminum industry is fairly impressive. Some 4,000 men operate the potlines where the raw aluminum is smelted. The Kaiser rolling mill at Spokane employs 2,500 men, and the Alcoa rod and wire factory at Vancouver, Washington, 300. In addition the several hundred small fabrication plants of the region employ a total of 5,000 men and women. These plants, nearly all owned by local business men, take the ingots produced with Columbia River power and make such finished articles as truck and trailer bodies, kitchen cabinets, and irrigation pipe.

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Furthermore, as Bernard Goldhammer, economist for the Bonneville Power Administration, points out, it is probable that the Northwest's largest single industrial pay roll would not exist without the Columbia River aluminum plants. This is Boeing Aircraft of Seattle, which employs 28,000 people. Aluminum goes into nearly all aircraft parts.

In 1952 the first large expanse of arid land near Grand Coulee will be irrigated—a sprawling upland of 87,000 acres. As the sagebrush is replaced by fields of alfalfa and rows of beets and honeydews, enormous quantities of aluminum sprinkler pipe will be needed. Since eventually 1,100,000 acres will be irrigated from Grand Coulee, Goldhammer believes that the manufacture of equipment could become a major regional industry for the next two decades.

Aluminum production in the Northwest is entirely the result of President Roosevelt's power program for the Columbia River, first announced at Portland during the campaign of 1932. The states of Washington and Oregon account today for 46 per cent of the national total, and the proportion would be substantially larger if more power were available.

WHY is the Northwest short of power? For years Americans have been hearing that 42 per cent of the latent energy in the nation lurks in the Columbia River and its turbulent tributaries. This is true, but too much of the energy is still latent. In the 1930's the late Governor Charles H. Martin of Oregon told a Congressional committee that "we have power running out of our ears." He argued against the establishment of the Bonneville Power Administration, saying it was not needed. Last year the Bonneville Administration, operating only two dams, sold nearly as much power as the entire TVA, and serviced industries at the lowest factory rates in the country.

The power shortage has been aggravated by the fact that the water flow this year has been one of the lowest ever recorded for the Columbia Basin. An "intertie" between Bonneville Dam and such California projects as Shasta might have enabled some surplus energy to surge northward to alleviate the crisis in the Northwest. Utah also, according to Dr. Paul Raver, chief of the Bonneville Power Administration, possesses extra kilowatts in the autumn which could be transmitted to the Northwest if connecting transmission lines had been erected. Ironically, an intertie between California and the Northwest has been prevented by certain Pacific Northwest politicians in both parties who believe that California-baiting may pay dividends at the next election. The Northwest has a curious inferiority complex regarding the colossus of 11,000,000 people on its border. "California's trying to steal our power!" has become a political rallying cry. A pole line from Klamath Falls, Oregon, to Redding, California, which would have cost only $6,000,000, has never been built because of the hysterical opposition to an intertie.

Western Montana, one of the most neglected areas in the country, is disturbed by reports that power from the Hungry Horse Dam now being built by the Bureau of Reclamation on the Flathead River will be transmitted to existing light-metal plants in Oregon and Washington. This would block the plans of the Harvey Machine Company to erect an aluminum plant near Kalispell. Harvey has been allocated 111,000 kilowatts by Bonneville, which will have charge of the power generated by the new dam. It expects to hire 600 men. An industry of that size would be a godsend to a region that has struggled along on ranching, tourists, some logging, and a few railroad division points. Montana will resist determinedly any move to divert its power to other states. In fact, the law would have to be changed before that could be done.

The Northwest is teeming with rumors about why the Harvey organization has been attacked and why Charles E. Wilson proposed that aluminum plants be moved out of the region. Alice F. Johnson, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times,* has suggested that the competitive position of Kaiser and Reynolds would be improved if Harvey were kept out of the Northwest and Alcoa prevented from going ahead with its new Wenatchee plant.

The tempestuous personality of C. Girard Davidson, an ex-Assistant Secretary of the Interior now an attorney for the Harvey Machine Company, enters into the tangled controversy. When Drew Pearson assailed the war-time record of Harvey as a supplier of navy shells, Davidson threatened a number of papers with libel suits if the columns were run. Tom Humphrey, editor of the Oregon *Daily Journal* and a leading fighter for civil liberties, said Davidson convinced him that the Pearson columns were not fair to the Harvey Company and so he would not publish them. Other editors took umbrage at Davidson's complaints and were prejudiced against the entire Harvey case. Davidson has enemies in the Interior Department who have been blamed for the RFC's delay in granting a $46,000,000 loan to Harvey. He has a good reputation in the Northwest, however, and Oregon Democrats may some day run him for the United States Senate. Yet when a former federal official represents a company seeking government favors, a situation is created which has explosive possibilities.

Wilson's statement about the possible curtailment of aluminum production in the Northwest is said to have been drafted by Clay Bedford, long identified with the Kaiser interests. Reynolds and Kaiser, who got their first plants from the government for around 33 cents on the dollar, with a negligible down payment, would naturally like to keep Harvey from entering the field.

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THE BATTLE FOR FREE SCHOOLS

Fever Spots in American Education

BY MORRIS MITCHELL

THE FIRST of this series of articles on education in a time of turmoil goes to press just as the trustees of Ohio State University announce that hereafter "the facilities of the university will not be made available to known Communists or members of other groups who seek to undermine basic liberties in America." The president of Ohio State is authorized to determine who shall or shall not be denied permission to speak from the university rostrum, the faculty being left only advisory rights. As the kind of person to bar, the trustees doubtless have in mind Dr. Cecil E. Hinshaw, a Quaker pacifist, who has already been kept from speaking, and Dr. Harold Rugg, professor emeritus of education at Teachers College, Columbia University, whose recent appearance drew criticism from two Columbus newspapers and precipitated the ruling.

Ten years ago, when the American Legion, the National Association of Manufacturers, and similar organizations forced Dr. Rugg's mildly liberal social-studies textbooks from hundreds of junior high schools, the evidence was already substantial that the enemies of academic freedom would spend millions of dollars, spread epidemics of lies and innuendo, and even resort to strong-arm tactics to attain their goal of an intimidated and strait-jacketed teaching profession. Their success is now becoming bitterly apparent. The battle for free schools, like the battle on other fronts, is moving from the cold to the hot stage.

The eight articles of this series will attempt to assess not only the present unprecedented threats to honest education in America but its considerable resources of vitality and promise. Obviously such a survey must select from the huge complex of problems and programs, of theories and practices. Obviously, also, the several authors cannot be expected to see eye to eye on every detail. My colleagues and I are agreed, however, that we should emphasize the attack on "progressive education" and intellectual liberty, the growing pressures upon the schools by organized religion and business, the struggle of minority groups for educational equality, the financial crisis confronting both private and public institutions, and the prospect of building a counter-attack. These will be our major themes. They center in the further agreement among all of us that education, properly conceived, is still the strongest bastion of any democracy that expects to live by deed instead of shibboleth.

THEODORE BRAMELD

FEVER spots in education have broken out all over the United States. Some have developed into ugly sores that betray an infection lying deep in the body of society. Pasadena, California; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Englewood, New Jersey; Eugene, Oregon; Denver, Colorado; Los Angeles, California, have bad cases; less severe ones have been reported at Upper Arlington, Ohio; Montgomery County, Maryland; Antelope Valley and San Diego, California; Scarsdale, New York; Springfield, Missouri. Countless other towns and cities are fighting the infection, with results varying from highly satisfactory to complete failure.

The teacher's fear of misrepresentation breeds a caution that verges here and there on the social sickness of totalitarianism. Boards of education spend precious hours defending themselves against little local McCarthys. In a score of communities around New York City alone, school boards have been forced to call special meetings to discuss attacks on textbooks which have been in use from six to ten years with the approval of students, teachers, administrators, and parents. Excellent superintendents are being fired or quietly "let out." Most tragic of all, the seeming calm in thousands of other communities is actually retreat: experimental courses and controversial library books have been renounced; reduced appropriations for buildings, equipment, and salaries have been accepted.

What forces are behind an onslaught that led ex-Superintendent Willard Goslin of Pasadena to conclude that not a superintendency in the nation is worth holding? They consist of four related groups—real-estate conservatives, super-patriots, dogma peddlers, and race haters. Let us see how each works.

REAL-ESTATE CONSERVATIVES. Autocratic, teacher-and-textbook-dominated education is cheaper than democratic, child-and-community-centered education. Semi-skilled labor could "teach" under the old scheme. Costly professional training is a prerequisite of sound modern teaching. That is why business interests call for a return of the good old days "that never were."

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In 1933 the United States Chamber of Commerce made twenty recommendations to local chambers. These included salary reductions for teachers, a shorter school year and longer school day, suspension of automatic salary increases, larger classes, reduction of the elementary-school time from seven to six years and of high-school time from four to three years, introduction of a fee system for high schools, discontinuance of free textbooks and of kindergartens, curtailment of building programs, economy in school repairs, curtailed curriculum with elimination of special subjects. Those were depression days. Now inflation prompts economy at a critical juncture. War babies have become school children. The war-caused delay in new construction forces double use of buildings condemned twenty years ago.

Real-estate interests are touchy about redistricting if property values are threatened. Often racial considerations are involved. This was the case in California, where Goslin proposed to redraw five school districts when two new ones were established. The story of his firing has been well told by David Hulburd in "This Happened in Pasadena." Actually all four groups of the enemy joined to dislodge this eminent and able school administrator.

New Hampshire's reactionary legislature recently abolished the office of Commissioner of Education—at the same time that it threw out the State Planning and Development Commission. This "irresponsible and suicidal" action was compared in the Manchester *Union Leader* to "the behavior of a bunch of kids who had got to the stone-throwing stage at a picnic, or [of] a group of adults after drinks in the corner saloon." It was actually based on the fact that New Hampshire is not industrialized and that tax funds are derived largely from property.

SUPER-PATRIOTS. Drawing on conservative capital and using local fanatics, the typical super-patriotic front organizations exploit present insecurities and hostilities and the accompanying fear of change.

The National Council for American Education in New York City is spark-plugged by Allen A. Zoll, its "executive vice-president." It publishes pamphlets with titles like "Progressive Education Breeds Juvenile Delinquency," and a house-organ called the *Educational Guardian*. Zoll was founder and national commander of American Patriots, Inc., which used as speakers Elizabeth Dilling, thrice indicted for sedition; John Eogan Kelly, unregistered agent of Franco; "I-am-one-hundred-per-cent-for-Hitler" Joseph McWilliams; and anti-Semite Gerald L. K. Smith. As one of Father Coughlin's ardent Christian Front supporters, Zoll was arrested on a charge of attempted extortion of $7,500, but the case was nolle-prossed. Arthur D. Morse in the September issue of *McCall's* tells how Zoll obtained his "doctorate":

> Temple Hall College and Seminary (now defunct) was a one-man diploma mill operated by a man named D. Scott Swain. Swain's qualifications as an educator included the serving of a six-year prison term on six charges, including running a confidence game, obtaining property under false pretenses, and passing bad checks. While running his "college" Swain conferred upon himself the title "Archbishop Primate." Probably the high point of his career was reached at a meeting in New York City, when the "Bishop" got roaring drunk and in a burst of expansiveness passed out Temple Hall Ph.D.'s to his entire audience. The exact moment when Zoll was awarded his doctorate is unknown.

Friends of the Public Schools of America, Washington, D. C., is headed by Major General Amos Fries and Mrs. Claud I. Palmer. It publishes a sheet called *Friends of the Public Schools*, which is distributed to school officials all over the country. This paper constantly attacks federal aid to education, academic freedom, and the welfare state. A typical issue was devoted to "proving" the thesis: "The Southern States Are Able to Finance Their Education."

The American Education Association, New York, is inspired by the slogan "Keep Our American Schools American." It publishes *Signposts*. Milo F. McDonald is executive director. The Church League of America, Chicago, publishes *News and Views*. George Washington Robnett is executive secretary.

The Committee on Education of the Conference of American Small Business Organizations, Chicago, is primarily concerned to evaluate, according to its own "objective" standards, "textbooks and supplementary material in public schools, especially those dealing with American history and social sciences." It publishes the *Educational Reviewer*, of which Lucille Cardin Crain is editor. George D. Hawkins is chairman.

The Employers' Association of Chicago is headed by John T. Beatty and Gordon L. Hostetter. A sample of its propaganda is the widely read pamphlet "How Red Is the Little Red Schoolhouse?" On the cover a brutish soldier, bayonet over one shoulder, cartridge belt over the other, sickle and hammer on helmet, sinister expression on face, is reaching over the curve of the earth to inject a hypodermic of bright red fluid into a red schoolhouse. Children, oblivious to danger, are happily at play. A typical paragraph runs:

> A prominent American educator said in a magazine article recently that we can be sure of one thing: *there are thousands of Reds in our educational system. . . .* Many of these undercover Reds claim to be "liberals" and "progressives." Always remember you can't "try" communism. Anymore than you can try cyanide. Or leprosy.

The National Association of Pro-America, Seattle, with local chapters known as "Pro-America," includes

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among its self-appointed activities the exposure of the "subversive" content of school textbooks. Rated subversive, of course, is any sort of critical study of the capitalist system.

Each "super-patriot" organization has its own methods. Some concentrate on textbooks; some spy upon teachers, even an entire school faculty. After attacking the "Red-ucators" of Harvard, Zoll moved on to charge Communist influence at the University of California, Stanford University, California Institute of Technology, Columbia University, and the University of Minnesota. The press is of course kept informed of such charges and often—particularly, the Hearst press—prints them willingly.

This propaganda has proved effective. A single pamphlet, "Treason in the Textbooks" by O. L. Armstrong, went into a million homes through the channels of Merwin K. Hart's National Economic Council and the American Legion. One of its cartoons depicted a teacher grinning wickedly down at frightened boys and girls, with slime dripping from his scrawny hands upon four books labeled Constitution, Religion, U. S. Heroes, and U. S. History. Another showed the same teacher fitting black glasses on the eyes of a boy and girl reading a book called "The American Way of Life." The caption was: "The Frontier Thinkers are trying to sell our youth the idea that the American Way of Life has failed." The accompanying article blacklisted a score of authors, books, and magazines, including the magazine *Scholastic*. Within two weeks from the time the article appeared *Scholastic* received 400 letters canceling orders for 16,000 subscriptions.

Of course these super-patriots are promoters of bigger and better oaths of allegiance. In Pasadena the so-called "School Development Council" challenged the teachers to sign an oath which identified opposition to capitalism with overthrowing the government:

> I do further swear (or affirm) that I have not attempted, nor will I attempt, to effect such overthrow, openly or secretly, or attack the American way of life based upon the ideals conceived by our Founding Fathers, who created this Republic to guarantee inalienable rights of the individual and the system of competitive free enterprise.

DOGMA PEDDLERS. Fearing the whole concept of public education, the dogma peddlers are the would-be authorities behind an authoritarian scheme of education. Their aim is to lead children to believe in the doctrines chosen for them and to prevent any awareness of alternatives. They pay for special schools where they must, but they work chiefly for a share of public funds for their own schools.

Dogma peddlers raise cries of "godlessness." They censor texts, library books, and movies. They attack "progressive education." They oppose pragmatism because pragmatism opposes dogmatism. They fight such protagonists of the Yankee way of thinking as John Dewey and William Heard Kilpatrick. They have their own front organizations and consort with other reactionaries. Whether they are church dogmatists (Protestant, Catholic, Jewish) or political dogmatists (Communists, fascists, or N. A. M. monopoly capitalists), they are the enemy, for children should study freely *about* all major creeds and have none imposed on them through propaganda methods.

RACE HATERS. There are the sufferers from inner conflicts due to self-conceit and personal insecurity. They violate American values by violating the universality of human dignity. They are not easily reasoned out of their prejudices because they were never reasoned into them. They join the economic royalists in gerrymandering school districts to protect real-estate interests. They join the super-patriots to fight foreigners and "foreign ideas." They have helped spread racial segregation far beyond the borders of the South.

There the fever spots merge into a blotch with the appearance of a gigantic birthmark. Governor Talmage of Georgia has declared: "As long as I am governor, Negroes will not be admitted to white schools." He has also said that abolition of segregation in Southern elementary and secondary schools "would create more confusion, disorder, riots, and bloodshed than anything since the War Between the States." Governor Byrnes of South Carolina has affirmed: "We will, if it is possible, live within the law, preserve the public-school system, and at the same time maintain segregation. If that is not possible, reluctantly, we will abandon the public-school system. To do that would be choosing the lesser of two great evils."

Anti-Semitism, while not, strictly speaking, a phenomenon of race-baiting, is closely associated with it. For example, the *Free Press* of Redmont, Oregon, publishes "Judaic-Communism Versus Christian-Americanism," by Marilyn R. Allen, an eighty-page book with chapter titles like Judaism Versus Christianity, Communists Robbing U. S. Mail, Vulture Vinchell, Jews in the U. S. Senate, and The "Benevolent" B'nai B'rith. It offers free copies of the brochure, "Un-American Teaching in Many of Our Schools," illustrated by a picture of the hand of communism overshadowing the public school. You may receive the *Free Press*, which "rides the devil (communism and its pappy) a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope," twice a month for only $1.50 a year.

How fare the schools in your bailiwick? Are they under attack from any or all of these forces? If not, is it because your superintendent has done a job of community-wide education for and through gradual

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change? Because parent and citizen groups have long taken an active interest in school affairs? Or is it because there has been no effective demand for plant, equipment, and teachers commensurate with the challenge of America's greatest enterprise in transition?

THESE things we can do:

1. Watch for signs of organized opposition. Know the enemy. Get his literature and study it.

2. Know your schools and help them with honest criticism as well as with moral and financial support. The more than a million devoted teachers deserve this cooperation.

3. Join your local parent-teacher association or council for the public schools, and through study and participation help make them constructive forces for good public education.

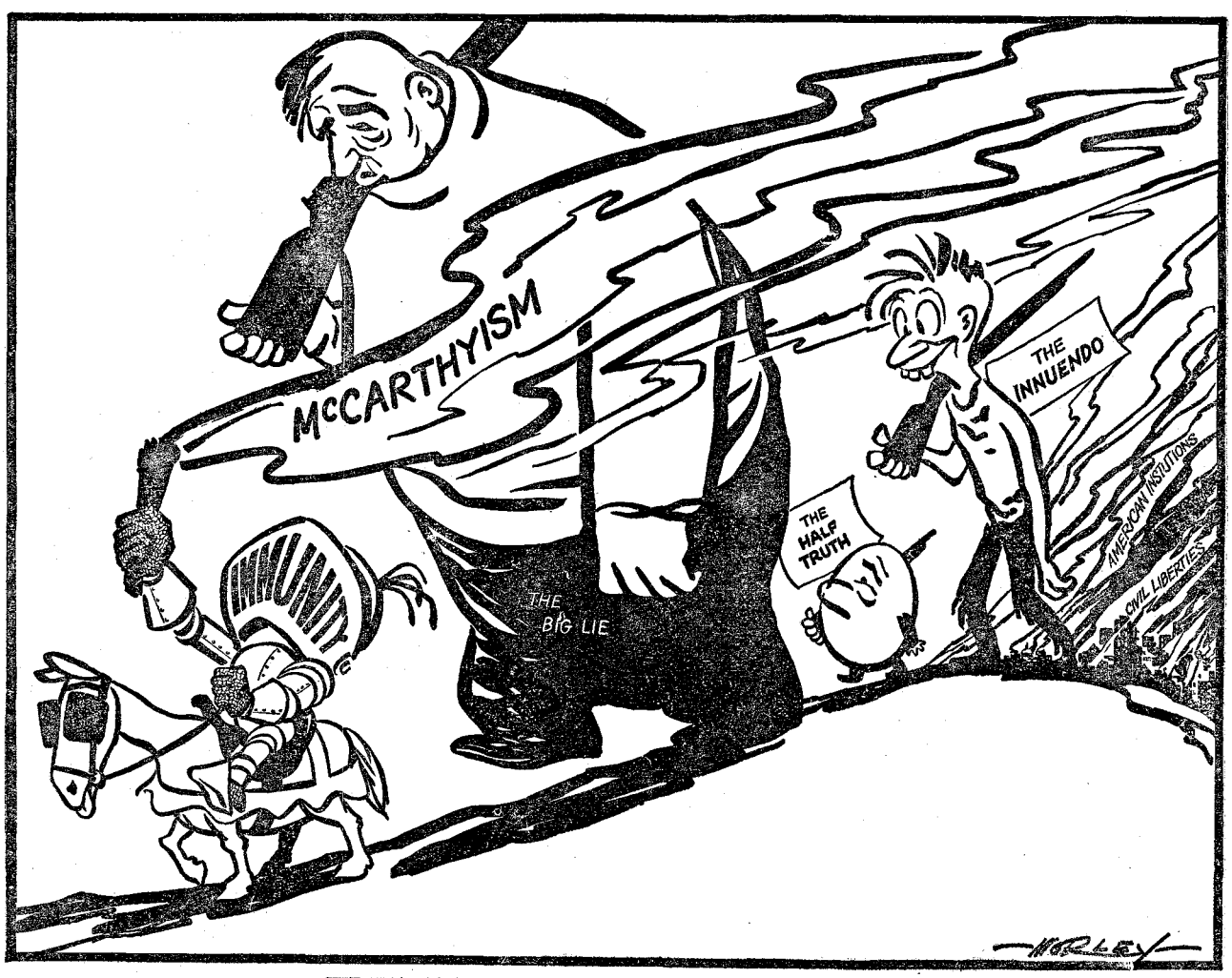
4. Study the meaning of truly modern education, including the major conflicting theories. Decide where you stand.

5. Support the National Education Association, Washington, D. C.; the American Federation of Teachers, Chicago; The American Education Fellowship, Champaign, Ill. (which, incidentally, will honor Kilpatrick, whose name has figured in many of these attacks, in New York City on November 17); the National School Boards Association, Chicago; the Rural Editorial Service, Chicago; the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, Chicago; the Association for Childhood Education, New York; and the Public Education Association, New York. (The list is suggestive, not exclusive.)

6. Give prompt answer to the destroyers. They are few in number, but they make a disproportionate noise. (In Scarsdale an aroused citizenry cast 1,084 votes out of 1,090 for one citizens' committee nominee, 1,081 for another, and 1,085 for the third—a punishing rout for the enemy.)

7. Invite leaders of the hostile organizations to address public meetings. There they can be exposed for what they are. Let's not wait again until the damage has been done.

8. Since there are at present no funds for fighting directly this insidious form of community disintegration, a march-of-dimes campaign should be instituted. These attacks are, truly, a kind of "infantile paralysis"—an infection which paralyzes the mind instead of the body. Large donations as well as small might be obtained, for many rich persons are wise enough to recognize the danger. But the dimes of the people could quiet this fever by attacking it at its source.



WE WANT A STRONG NATIONAL DEFENSE—BUT . . .

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Days of Destiny for France

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, October 15

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S proposal that in the coming year the North Atlantic Treaty countries be given $2,500,000,000 in economic aid was whittled down by Congress to less than half, and American aid will take the form chiefly of ready-made armaments. Meanwhile the European countries are expected to step up their own rearmament in a big way. How much will France be expected to spend? 800,000 million francs, a trillion, or more? Nobody can yet say. The cost of the war in Indo-China alone is reckoned to be close to a billion francs a day. And prices in France are going up and up and up. M. Courant, the Minister of the Budget, announced the other day in a moment of indiscretion that France's expenditures in 1952 would total at least 3,500 billion francs, and that it therefore faced a deficit of 1,400 billion francs! A current wisecrack is that a French Finance Minister can qualify only by graduating in astronomy and astrology.

These troubles are not confined to France; the French press seems to feel a certain melancholy satisfaction in bemoaning similar, or worse, trouble in Britain—"We're in a damnable mess, but just look at the English!" The common view is that if Mr. Attlee decided on an election, it was because for Britain too "days of destiny" were in the offing, as René Mayer said they were for France when he returned from Ottawa. There's this difference: France had its election in June, and the Parliament that resulted has proved so unmanageable that no major decisions at all could be taken during its September session.

Only two significant votes were taken—one granting state subsidies to religious schools, which had the immediate effect of smashing the precarious "Third Force" majority that had emerged from the election and creating an ad hoc majority including the Gaullists; and another adopting by the overwhelming majority of 410 votes to 200 the application of the sliding scale to wages. At this point the government gave up. It asked that it be given time to reflect, and that the National Assembly go on holiday till the first week in November. M. Edgar Faure, the Minister of Justice, declared the sliding scale "a piece of insanity" and the vote instituting it an example of the worst type of party demagogy. "We can't turn inflation into a permanent institution!" he exclaimed. Having sent the bill to the Senate, the government hopes to kill it when it comes up for its second reading.

But whether "permanent" or not, inflation has become an institution. To keep general discontent within reasonable limits, at least during the present period of "waiting" and "reflection," the government consented to raise the minimum wage 15 per cent, to 20,000 francs a month. Government employees' wages have been stepped up 12 per cent, at the cost of 135,000 million francs a year, and practically all through French industry in the last month wages have been raised between 12 and 15 per cent, in some cases even more.

In terms of real wages this means very little. How much the cost of living has really gone up in the last six months is almost impossible to say—the employers', the government's, and the trade unions' figures are all different—but 15 per cent seems a conservative estimate. Only the matter does not end there. The readiness with which the employers increased wages was of course largely due to their knowledge that they were not losing much, since prices on everything were going up very rapidly. (This readiness, it is true, was also stimulated by clear signs that all the trade unions were getting together for "united action," a matter on which we are likely to hear a good deal more in coming weeks.) Indeed, no sooner had the new wages been fixed than the government announced a 22 per cent increase in the price of steel and a 20 per cent increase in the price of French coal. Gas and electricity have gone up; the price of cars will be put up; the prices of all basic foodstuffs are rapidly rising. Few are the people in Paris who have managed to buy a pound of sugar in the last week; shops and wholesalers have "frozen" their stocks in anticipation of a 15 or 20 per cent rise. For the third time in little more than a year newspapers have raised their prices—an ordinary paper now costs 15 francs, the *Monde* 18 francs, and the Paris *Herald Tribune* 30 francs! Especially among publishers of the smaller *journaux d'opinion*, which stand for real intellectual freedom in France but are threatened with bankruptcy owing to the exorbitant cost of newsprint, feeling is strong against the government, whose "subsidies" to the paper manufacturers have done the newspapers no good, and against the United States, whose "anti-social" waste of newsprint is held responsible for throttling those European papers which have no big financial interests behind them to see them through.

When it is argued that France's salvation will be in expanding production and exports, the obvious an-

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swer is that exports are not all that easy to expand, and that dollars are needed for raw materials. The million tons of coal recently "granted" to French industry by the United States will have to be paid for in dollars, and more dearly than French coal. Many besides Communists have been led to wonder whether East-West trade, now almost at a standstill, cannot be developed.

"Decisions" will have to be taken when the Assembly meets again in November. There is vague talk about all sorts of things that may, or may not, be decided. Even rationing is talked of—a word inseparable in the French mind from "black market." It is also rumored that conscription may be put up from eighteen months to two years.

But what majority and what government will take these decisions? Above all, who is going to take the decisions which would wipe out, or at any rate greatly reduce, the budget deficit of 1,400 billion francs? The general political trend in Europe may be of decisive importance. The result of the British election is bound to have the most far-reaching repercussions here: a Tory victory would create a "climate" eminently suitable to a Gaullist or near-Gaullist government. Whatever party is in power, it is generally felt that nothing can provide a lasting solution to France's—and Europe's—ills short of a real East-West *détente,* a slowing down of rearmament, and a revival of some degree of confidence.

In theory, some of the deficit might be wiped out by drastic financial and fiscal reforms—raising the rates of existing taxes, stricter fiscal control, and above all an extension of heavy taxation to the peasantry. But the peasants are largely the clients of the rightist parties; and there are many other snags of the same kind. Politically there are three possibilities: (1) a center-right coalition, complete with the Gaullists—which would, sooner or later, lead to a quasi-dictatorial regime, economically not very different from Franco's, if the French working class allowed it; (2) the reconstitution of a Third Force majority, through the burying, by the M. R. P. and the Socialists, of their respective clerical and *laique* hatchets; (3) a new election. This last has been talked about as a serious possibility. But if French democracy is to survive, the second solution seems at the moment the most promising. Only, as the Socialists, through M. Christian Pineau, put it, it is no use squeezing France too hard:

> To demand from France an effort which, if brought about, would make her more vulnerable even than if she refused to do anything is shortsighted. I don't think Frenchmen should quarrel about the choice of solutions all of which are impossible. They must do their best in every field [rearmament as well as economic revival and financial reform], but their partners must realize with what terrible dangers France will be threatened if reasonable limits are exceeded.

One question is worrying a great many Frenchmen today, and that is whether the United States—by its present "squeeze"—is not knowingly helping the right and the Gaullists to power. A Tory victory in Britain will make that easier. But what kind of Europe shall we have then?

ON ALL levels in Paris discussions are continuing round the problem of German unity, raised with such "brutality"—as the French would say—by the Grotewohl proposal, and kept alive by the inevitable controveries raging round it in Germany itself. In French opinion, it is more important that Iran or Egypt—though the "revolt of Islam" is not something France can treat with indifference, with French North Africa "next." But Germany is even nearer home, and what is happening there has shaken the French more than anything else for a long time. Not that all reactions to German unity are the same: far from it. Fundamentally, everybody in France who remembers the division of France into two "zones" agrees that the drift toward German unity is entirely natural. Having accepted this, many also consider that France's policy should be to derive the greatest possible benefit from German unity. This is the view forcefully expressed by M. Robert Borel in the *Monde* and shared, it seems, by far more French political leaders than would like to admit to it openly.

At the other extreme is the view, expounded, for example, by M. Servan Schreiber in the pro-American *Paris-Presse,* that whether German unity is natural or not, it must be prevented at any price. German unity, to Schreiber, means German neutrality. This in itself would deal a death blow to the European army and the Schuman Plan: without a substantial West German contribution, a European army will be out of the question; France will inevitably also become neutral, and the whole of Western Europe will consequently be thrown open to a Soviet invasion, with America washing its hands of it in disgust. Therefore, whatever the private hankerings of the German people, France must impose on West Germany the acceptance of a West European Federation, complete with a federal army, a federal Parliament, and so on; Schreiber claims that if there were a referendum on the subject in France, the majority of the French people would "probably" be in favor.

M. Borel, on the other hand, starts with a point conveniently overlooked by M. Schreiber—namely, that West Germany is infinitely more interested in joining up with East Germany than with France and Benelux. Also, the two writers' arguments have different premises: M. Schreiber assumes that the Russians want to invade Western Europe and will certainly do it if they have enough atom bombs by 1953 or 1954 and if there is no adequate land army in the West to stop them. M. Borel, on the contrary, assumes—and in this comes closer than

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M. Schreiber to the official French view—that Russia does not want a world war either now or later, and that, moreover, the United States, whether it likes it or not, must inevitably consider a Russian attack on Western Europe as a *casus belli*. He therefore sees the possibility of a lasting peace betwen the United States and the Soviet Union in the creation of a neutral belt in Europe stretching from Sweden to Yugoslavia and taking in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, and in the subsequent extension of this "neutral zone" to include the whole of Western Europe. As long as the Red Army is halfway across Germany, he says, one must be extremely doubtful about French "neutralism"; with the establishment of a neutral belt—its status to be surrounded, of course, by a number of international safeguards—neutralism becomes a much more plausible policy.

Since German unity will, in M. Borel's view, quite inevitably be attained, and Bonn is therefore most unlikely to commit itself to the European army, the whole American idea of building up forty-five divisions in Western Europe by 1953 is based on false assumptions and must be drastically revised. Why not, then, simply return to a national French army, and abandon the idea of a French-Italian-Benelux army, which is all that the "European army" would now amount to? Borel also sees in the neutrality of Germany and the "semi-neutralization" of Western Europe—presumably not necessarily excluding American bases as a "guaranty of West European neutrality"—a means of cutting the financial knot which today is strangling Western Europe.

In Washington all this must sound like a dangerous heresy. In France, however, the prospect of a united Germany has raised a multitude of questions which the French public are in no mood to dismiss lightly. With West German participation in the defense of the West becoming more and more problematical, the French public is less sure than ever that an all-out rearmament effort by the Western democracies is the best means of avoiding a war. (As for "winning" it, France isn't really interested.)

The main snag to accepting the unity of Germany is the question whether adequate guaranties could be obtained against its "spontaneous" rearmament later; American unwillingness to enter into such an arrangement would naturally jeopardize any solution of the German problem through neutrality.

The Dilemma of Reform

Boston's Curley Bows Out

BY JOHN P. MALLAN

Boston, October 17

ON SEPTEMBER 26 the city of Boston held the first "preliminary" election in its history—and the results were surprising to Boston and to the nation. The "preliminary" is a new device, the result of a 1949 change in the charter which makes it impossible for the mayor to be elected by a simple plurality vote, as has happened so often in the past.

James M. Curley, former mayor and former governor, twice in his long career a prison inmate, and frequently defeated for office, received the worst beating of his life. Mayor John Hynes, a political newcomer who defeated Curley by a small margin in 1949, won easily, receiving 107,000 votes to Curley's 76,000.

Curley will be seventy-seven this month; yet he campaigned well, and observers were not only surprised by his defeat but by his announcement a few days later that he was withdrawing from the election. City Hall gossips believe that his withdrawal is merely a feint, since he refuses to remove his name from the ballot; but he has closed his headquarters, and the morale of his many faithful workers has sagged badly. Hynes, who has done a reasonably competent if quiet job as mayor, seems a certainty for a full four-year term.

Of much greater interest now is the fight for membership on the City Council and the School Committee. Under the new charter a nine-man council elected from the city at large will replace the old twenty-two-ward arrangement, and a School Committee of five will be elected in the same way. Ten were nominated for the School Committee and eighteen for City Council in the preliminary election.

Two years ago a young Harvard Law School graduate named Jerome L. Rappaport explained to this writer the way in which a permanent winning organization could be built in Boston. Rappaport, a brilliant organizer and strategist, was then twenty-two years old. At Harvard he had founded the nationally known Law School Forum and dabbled in radio and publicity work. In 1949 he was head of the youth section of the Hynes-for-Mayor campaign; since then he has been a City Hall secretary and assistant corporation counsel for Boston. He is the founder and chief organizer of the phenomenally successful New Boston Committee, which nominated an entire slate in the primary.

The Rappaport formula is simple, and it has been used with great success by Maurice Tobin and others in

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Boston. The city's elections are non-partisan, and while Republicans are outnumbered at least two to one, they constitute a hard core of 80,000 to 100,000 votes. Added to the normal dissident Democratic, good-government, and floating vote, this is enough to elect any candidate in Boston who is himself a respectable Democrat and an Irishman.

The appeal of the Curleys has been primarily to the working-class wards—Roxbury, South Boston, Charlestown, the North End. The outlying, middle-class wards, while Democratic, are essentially conservative and today are "respectable" to an almost appalling degree. Both Maurice Tobin and John Hynes have been elected by carrying these wards, plus what remains of the Yankee Republican vote in Back Bay. This year a final blow was struck at Curleyism when every ward in working-class Dorchester went "lace curtain" (and Hynes) for the first time.

The New Boston Committee has been organized to appeal to the same groups. Its first funds came from wealthy civic leaders like Henry Shattuck, a liberal Republican; in the beginning most of its members were Republicans or genteel Democrats, though an effort was made to include representatives of every ward and social group in the city. Many politically weak labor leaders and liberals have joined, but are disturbed to find themselves allied with conservative business elements against the very groups from which future liberal-labor support must come.

"Good government" in Boston as elsewhere has usually meant the swallowing up of liberals in a group which stresses both efficiency and low taxes at the expense of welfare programs. The New Boston Committee is no exception. In general its members are sincere idealists and its candidates—like civic leader Frank Ahearn and Mary Fitzgerald—outstanding. But the internal structure of the organization is both conservative and autocratic. Actual decisions are made by a very small group and usually reflect a great respect for wealth and power. City Hall patronage has also been used when needed to keep young "idealists" at work.

The more conventional political leaders of Boston campaigned before the primary as they always had campaigned, appealing for votes on a basis of personal friendship rather than issues. They refused to take the N. B. C. seriously, and most of them were swamped by its solid-slate vote of 25,000 or 35,000 in a greatly dispersed field—105 in all ran for 30 positions.

Among the politicos who survived are some popular and able people. They are now reorganizing for a bitter campaign which will concentrate on the N. B. C.—with Curley's open assistance—and use every charge from big business to communism. (Rappaport is not only a Harvard man but was a New Yorker till 1949; both facts spell "communism" to many a Boston Irishman.)

At this point it is difficult to say whether the "friends and neighbors" of the working-class ward politicians will bury the "State Street carpetbaggers" or vice versa on November 6. But for the liberal, the dilemma of conservatism versus Curleyism will remain—and it has ramifications far beyond the borders of Boston or Massachusetts.

Philadelphia Story

BY CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

Philadelphia, October 18

WHEN a minor office-holder hanged himself in the basement of his Philadelphia home on May 22, 1948, the exposés which followed dealt a heavy blow to the Republican machine. Since then the Republicans have failed to win a single election in a city in which their dominance had been proverbial: Truman carried the city in the 1948 Presidential election; in 1949 the Democrats, though out-registered nearly three to one, defeated the "City Hall gang"; the next year the Democratic candidate for governor won comfortably in Philadelphia, narrowly missing election; and in 1951 the city adopted a new charter over the opposition of the G. O. P. machine. The adoption of the charter, even more than the previous defeats, showed that the electorate had come to the end of its patience. It was then that the Republican bosses realized their desperate plight.

The night the city charter was adopted, Morton Witkin, acknowledged "brains" of the City Hall machine and one of the country's ablest ward leaders, seemed to accept the defeat with extraordinary detachment. "Boys," he is said to have remarked, "that does it. The Old Guard's got to take a back seat. From here on the independents are flying the Republican kite. They lead; we should follow. Let the Charterites call the tune. Who do they want for mayor and D. A.? I'll take them. I'm a Republican first and a machine man second." On another occasion he chided one of his lieutenants: "We took a licking, yes, but if only you guys would learn how to take a licking." The first step in the learning process was, of course, to select a man of impeccable character and outstanding achievement as the Republican candidate for mayor.

The inspiration came at a cocktail party. William Morrow, a former deputy sheriff, now chairman of the Republican City Committee, was chatting with a group of doctors. "You fellows get around," he said, "you get to know people. Why don't you give me the name of a good man to run for mayor?" One of the group replied, "That's easy—Dan Poling."

"Dan" Poling is the Reverend Daniel Alfred Poling,

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Daniel Poling

an internationally known Baptist clergyman. Now sixty-six, Poling has the energy of a man half his age. In addition to having served as pastor of the two largest Baptist churches in the United States—the three-hundred-year-old Marble Collegiate Church in New York and the Grace Baptist Temple in Philadelphia—he has been president of the World Christian Endeavor Union. He edits the money-making *Christian Herald,* financed with the help of J. C. Penney's millions, and directs the activities of numerous charities—all debt free, as the Republicans like to point out. No newcomer to politics, Dr. Poling was candidate for governor of Ohio on the Prohibtion ticket in 1912. He is chairman of the All-American Conference to Combat Communism.

Poling was obviously the answer to Mort Witkin's problem; the only question was how best to improvise a draft. The formal proposal that Poling should run came from the Republican Citizens' Committee, which was supposed to be quite independent of the Republican City Committee. The Citizens' Committee was headed by John R. Diemand, president of the Insurance Company of North America, and William A. Schnader, former attorney general of Pennsylvania, known to many Philadelphians through the ribbing of the *Inquirer* as "King William the First." Under the committee's prompting Dr. Poling announced that he intended to file for the nomination but could be "stopped." No one stopped him, and he was welcomed by the Republican City Committee as the man who "assented to become the candidate for the mayoralty of this great city." Dr. Poling then strengthened the illusion of spontaneity by declaring, "I did not seek your invitation but I cannot find it in my conscience to refuse."

But the machine now encountered resistance within its ranks. Walter P. Miller, a local manufacturer and former chairman of the reform Committee of 70, announced that he would file too, charging that a thoroughly discredited organization was taking refuge behind the robes of a clergyman. "He's a fine man," said Miller, "but underneath Dr. Poling you have an absolutely machine-dominated slate—the same old machine control." Mort Witkin argued that the Republican machine had been "improperly" smeared and that in any case Dr. Poling's name on the slate was insurance against a recurrence of objectionable practices. Dr. Poling described the situation somewhat differently: "The Republican city administration is not, never has been, and never will be an administration 'rotten through and through' . . . but there have been flagrant delinquencies on the part of certain city officers." The fact that profane deeds had been committed "by venal men," he added, should not be permitted to "obscure our sight."

Witkin insisted that a new day had dawned for the G. O. P., but some of the ward leaders began to mutter. Then—in a dramatic move—the high command asked the leaders of the Thirty-second and Fifty-first wards to hand in their resignations. Both leaders, who incidentally had been arrested but later cleared of graft charges, complied forthwith. Enthusiasm ran high for Poling as the primaries approached, and when the votes were counted, the Republican nomination was his by a plurality of 130,000.

Dr. Poling's candidacy is being carefully watched for its bearing on the 1952 election. The Grundy machine was supposed to have been hopelessly vanquished during Senator Duff's tenure as governor, but while it has lost a measure of power, it has a chance to come back next year. The present governor, John S. Fine, is a Grundy man, and Dr. Poling's candidacy is being directed by the Grundy machine. His campaign manager, William J. Hamilton, Jr., ward leader in the Twenty-first District, is a dependable member of the Grundy faction, and William A. Schnader, who was one of his earliest supporters, is close to the Grundy clique. With one exception, the members of the Grundy-bossed City Committee are all for Dr. Poling. Harold E. Stassen, known in Philadelphia as a Grundy man, has also indorsed him.

Some independent observers in Philadelphia hesitate to believe that Dr. Poling is simply a "front" for the discredited City Hall machine and are inclined to think that if elected he might possibly clean house. They wonder, however, whether the price for this type of "good government" might not be the curtailment of social services. Others say that Dr. Poling would be forced to work with the machine if elected. While Witkin's strategy of turning a "licking" to good account, may bring the Republicans back to power, the Democrats have an able candidate for mayor in Joseph S. Clark, Jr., and for district attorney in Richardson W. Dilworth. The election on November

Morton Witkin

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6 will therefore in all probability be extremely close.

Back in 1903 Lincoln Steffens described Philadelphia as "corrupt and contented." He also pointed out that the exposure of corruption often made it possible for a discredited machine to ride back to power in another guise. Ward politics have changed little in Philadelphia from that day to this. Should Dr. Poling be elected, he will have a chance to prove that Steffens was wrong.

Suicide by Oil

BY MARCELLE MICHELIN

Caracas, October 17

ALMOST at the moment that Prime Minister Mossadegh arrived in New York to plead Iran's case before the Security Council, an attempt to overthrow the military junta that governs Venezuela was suppressed with seven killed, ten wounded, and hundreds arrested. The American newspapers that announced the failure of the *putsch* also reported the State Department's anxiety lest any formula used to settle the Iran dispute might set a precedent for the settlement of some future dispute with Venezuela (see the comments by James Reston in the New York *Times* of October 16). Editorials in the same papers discussed "the explosive brew" upon which the army clique sits in Venezuela. Oil, of course, is the principal ingredient of this brew.

Foremost oil exporter and second-largest oil producer in the world after the United States, with seemingly inexhaustible subsoil riches of iron, copper, nickel, coal, asphalt, bauxite, gold, industrial diamonds, and asbestos, Venezuela, while flooded with American dollars, is paradoxically undergoing a major economic crisis. In fact, its economic well-being is threatened by the very petroleum production that finances two-thirds of its national budget and pays for more than five hundred million dollars' worth of annual imports from the United States. Venezuelan economists, foremost among them Arturo Uslar-Pietri, are warning that the nation is living on borrowed time and that unless it divorces its destiny from oil it will be committing economic suicide.

Since 1917, the first year of oil production, Venezuela has been deluged by a flood of easy money. But instead of transmuting the windfall into a permanent source of economic wealth, it has been flinging its unexpected riches to the winds. While oil for Western Hemisphere defense has gushed out of Lake Maracaibo, Guárico, Monagas, and Anzoátequi, the American dollars received for it have evaporated in prodigal waste. Few of them have gone into projects to diversify the economy or into the construction of schools, housing, railroads, or highways into the interior.

Before the oil era Venezuela was a self-sufficient agricultural nation with a population of 2,000,000—cattle-raising Indios on the level plains, fisherfolk along the strip of coast, and warring Caciques in the Andes. The soil was poor, but living standards were low and primitive wants easily satisfied. Exports of coffee, cocoa, indigo, and hides, amounting to $20,000,000 annually, more than paid for the limited imports.

More than thirty years later, this land still produces food for only 2,000,000; but the population has more than doubled, and the national budget has been multiplied by twenty. Imports soared to $668,958,500 in 1949—mostly consumers' goods and luxury items. Venezuela is now a nation of modern cities, skyscrapers, and Cadillacs. Exports totaled $1,003,130,600 in 1949, but industries other than oil accounted for only $20,000,000 of this staggering sum. Thus it is painfully clear that once its wells run dry Venezuela will lose approximately 95 per cent of its annual income.

When a nation is suddenly rocketed into a fabulously high standard of living—even if this standard is by no means uniform—and its productive capacity fails to keep pace with its increasing demands, a dangerous imbalance is created. There is an illusion of well-being, a surface prosperity without foundations to sustain the future. Such a nation does not develop in a normal rhythm; it is pressured by an outer force into an expansion beyond its potential. Venezuela's whole economy is a parasite on oil, with its artificial prices, artificial markets, artificial purchasing power. Prices have soared beyond all reason. In December, 1950, forty-nine commodities were quoted in Caracas as being 76 per cent higher than in December, 1938, and thirty-seven commodities as being 104 per cent higher. Inflation is in full swing—witness the fact that the bolívar has been devaluated as much as 40 per cent.

From 1941 to 1945 the cost of imported items naturally exceeded that of native articles. But since 1946 the entire economy has been so dislocated that importing has become more remunerative than producing on the spot. Freighters arrive full and return almost empty. Because of rising costs national products like coffee,

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sugar, textiles are no longer able to compete with foreign products either in Venezuela or on the world market. Many local industries must be subsidized by the government, with the result that the crippled economy leans more and more on petroleum dollars. And the more these dollars are wasted on imports, the less the land is cultivated, the less is manufactured, and the greater the paralysis of every activity but oil production.

Venezuela appears extravagantly wealthy. Caracas, the magnificent capital, has a pulse-quickening "get-rich-quick" atmosphere. But the Venezuelans to whom black gold has meant a better way of life are the fortunate minority of the cities and oil camps—landowners, business men, factory hands, government employees, corporation bureaucrats. The people of the pueblos and fishing villages go on laboriously wresting what sustenance they can from earth and water.

And petroleum has been a demoralizing factor even there. It has distorted the scale of values and bred instability, social inequality, and political unrest. The "something for nothing" gambling spirit of the speculators and opportunists has infected even the peasants. The wholesale importation of foodstuffs is ruining agriculture—indigo has disappeared, coffee production has fallen off by two-thirds—and driving impoverished rural elements into the cities.

AFTER the oil boom is over what will there be to fall back on? Of Venezuela's 1,000,000 square kilometers, only 177,000 square kilometers are fertile, and these are overpopulated. The immense plains in the interior, the low-lying *llanos,* are not only arid but often submerged; the flood season lasts from May till August. The vast jungle stretches of the Gran Sabana south of the Orinoco River are as yet inaccessible. Even the limited fertile area, moreover, is being destroyed by erosion. And while the nourishing earth is gradually being laid waste, the country's 5,500,000 inhabitants are proliferating at an annual rate of 70-80,000. Today Venezuela produces only one-fourth of the rice it consumes, only half of the sugar, and only two-thirds of the meat. The situation grows constantly worse: an *aftosa* epidemic is decimating the once famous cattle herds; deforestation is hastening the process of erosion. Given these factors, will the standard of living plummet to Asiatic depths once the oil boom has ended?

A reserve of nine billion barrels—at 612,000,000 barrels a year—will last only fifteen or sixteen years. But whether fifteen years or fifty, this is not the only fact to be considered. World markets may fluctuate or disappear. Synthetic oil derivatives can now be extracted from carbon. Shale deposits offer another alternative supply. Atomic energy will eventually be released for industrial purposes. Financed by American capital, Europe's refineries are being converted to process the less expensive Arabian oil. Competition from the Near East would be deadly were it not for the cold war.

While the time is short, there is surely enough left for Venezuela to channel oil revenues into some permanent economic improvements—communication and transportation systems, power plants, irrigation projects, a revitalized agriculture, an expanded industrial base. President Gomez's shrewd 1918 oil law fully protected the country's rights while welcoming foreign exploitation. But he should have drawn up another law protecting Venezuela against itself and forcing it to anchor oil profits firmly in the Venezuelan earth. Venezuelans are the first to admit that they were totally unprepared for their overnight emergence as an oil-rich nation. Like lottery winners, they went on a spending spree, light-heartedly making the mistakes that led them into the financial morass in which they now flounder.

They are finally inaugurating a number of basic reforms. On June 30, 1949, an agrarian law was passed which is designed to put the nation back on a self-sustaining basis. Experimental stations and agricultural colonies are being established. Immigrants are being sought in Central and Western Europe to replace native labor that has drifted into the cities. Mechanization is being introduced. Soil-conservation techniques and cooperative methods are being taught. The expansion of coffee, cocoa, sugar, and hempen-cord production may alleviate the dollar shortage that will exist after the oil boom bursts. A new sugar refinery is being built in Cumanacoa. The sisal and hemp cultivated in Lara state are finding outlets in the United States, the Dutch West Indies, Peru, and Europe. Fresh- and salt-water fishing industries offer another field for economic expansion. A program has been launched to save the once prosperous cattle industry. Ten million dollars more than last year has been allocated to improving communications in the coming year. Táchira asphalt mines are paving thousands of miles of highways. The foundations are being laid, also, for industrialization. For all these undertakings, Venezuela needs foreign capital and technicians. It may not solve its problems overnight, but it is at least making plans which if realized will enable it to survive the eventual exhaustion of its oil resources.

World developments will, of course, affect these plans. The curtailment of production in Iran has invested Venezuela's oil with new strategic importance. This was quite clearly evident in the world-wide attention devoted to the recent meeting of the National Petroleum Convention in Caracas. The importance of Venezuela's production was a major theme in convention addresses. But there is little indication that the government will change its policy of attempting to decrease dependence on oil or that it will grant additional concessions to foreign companies—a matter of major importance in domestic politics.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

AS A result of the great success of Joyce Cary's trilogy—"Herself Surprised," "To Be a Pilgrim," and "The Horse's Mouth"—his earlier books are now to be published here, and one of them "Mister Johnson" has just been issued (Harper, $3).

"Mister Johnson," was first published in 1939. It is slight in scale, and Mr. Cary had not achieved his later competence; but the perceptiveness, the humor, and the compassion of his later books are all present in this early one—and the young African clerk of whom the book is primarily a portrait is for me at least wonderfully realized and so incontrovertibly alive that he survives his fictional death.

The book was written out of Mr. Cary's experience as a servant of the empire, and the story is laid in that moral borderland where men disparate in everything but their elemental condition of being human confront one another. The geographical place is Nigeria, the immediate locale a dreary British government station in Fada bush. "Mister Johnson" is a colored boy, seventeen when we meet him, who has been recruited from a mission school to serve as a temporary clerk in the office of the station.

At first Johnson seems a figure fit only for comedy, the story a "slice of life" in the colonies drawn from the memoir of a retired official; and the impression that this is only a local story persists for at least a third of the way through the book. That it persists too long indicates a flaw in the telling, but the impression itself rises from other elements having nothing to do with incompetence. One is the fact that Mr. Cary's picture of life, native and white, in Fada bush is so unglossed, its physical sights, sounds, and stinks, its human foibles and betrayals, so unsentimentally portrayed that the heroic and the universal seem to have no possible place; the other is what I take to be a deliberate design, with irony aforethought, to persuade the reader that the young clerk is merely a "character" with whom he cannot possibly become involved—only to confound his pride and prejudice later on.

Johnson is on trial not only at the station; he is also a stranger in Fada bush—his accent is different and he is black as a stove, whereas the local color is milk chocolate. He must make his way in both worlds. The boy has resources. He is a maker and singer of songs; he has the gift for fantasy of an artist or a child and tells wonderful tales, especially about himself; and he has a boundless capacity for devotion. In his attempts to be at one with both worlds Johnson, given his nature, goes from one excess to another—there are many hilarious scenes—and for a while his very excesses keep him afloat. He is forever deep in debt, he pilfers and lies; but he also gives endless parties "with drums and smuggled gin," he trails gaiety and excitement like a cloud, and his innocence is irresistible. Only gradually, as we follow the wild and wonderful career of Johnson, do we see that he is actually as fearless and as big of heart as his own fantasies make him out to be. Only gradually does it become clear that his drive is not to propitiate the benighted natives or the superior or cynical whites but to force them to live up to his own poetic vision of the generous, the joyous life. It is they who are on trial, not Johnson.

The white man, Rudbeck, whose involvement with Johnson is central to the story, also has imagination, of another sort. He has a passion for building roads that will open up the bush to trade. (To corruption too, but Rudbeck in his single-mindedness brushes this aside.) He is otherwise a pretty ordinary British official, but to Johnson he is hero, model, and friend. The road, since Rudbeck wants it, becomes Johnson's obsession; and his downfall as well. To keep Rudbeck happy and the natives working, Johnson's peccadilloes grow into crimes, and finally he is, he must be, convicted of embezzlement and murder. He is sentenced to be hanged and Rudbeck must officiate.

Johnson dies in the end, but he also triumphs, for he exacts from Rudbeck the dignified death which his "big heart" desires and his heroic spirit deserves. In bare recital it may seem an unlikely story, but I found it convincing and very moving.

IN "MELVILLE GOODWIN, U.S.A." (Little, Brown, $3.75) John P. Marquand presents a portrait of an American army general which is as photographic, as slick, and as sentimental as a *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Its frame is a frieze of civilians and the lives they lead which is also photographic, also slick, but cynical instead of sentimental. There are indications that Mr. Marquand was striving, in dealing with both subjects, for the irony he achieved in "The Late George Apley," but irony rises from a deeper level of thought and feeling than the one from which this book is drawn; and the shallow source also explains why the book is far too long for what it says.

I have remarked that the book is slick; yet Mr. Marquand, the accomplished popular writer, uses the most ponderous and tiresome device I have come across in some time. General Goodwin is the hero of a little incident with the Russians in Berlin. When he is ordered back to the United States, a weekly magazine taps him for a profile, with encouragement from the Pentagon; and then for days on end the General sits in the library of Sid Skelton, a radio announcer and head civilian in the book, telling the story of his life to the profiler, a secretary, his host, and an aide. Skelton, the narrator in the book, says more than once that the General's story is a Horatio Alger tale, and so it is. But Horatio Alger would never have told it this way. As Marquand relates it, it is all sweetness and—length. He gives us the small-town routine complete—and Marquand's small-town routine is not as fresh as it once was; one comes to wish that Marquand knew much less than he obviously does about the ways of the army; and in the end one feels like walking up and down in front of that

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library with a placard reading "Unfair to General Goodwin."

Marquand makes an attempt to maintain that military men and their women are different from and somehow better than civilians, male and female, but his heart is not in it. The idea functions as a conceit rather than an insight and founders anyway on the fact that the civilians he pictures are, if not more venal, at least more tiresome than civilians necessarily are—the "smartness" of these specimens is particularly wearing.

Goodwin is a G. I. general, presumably of the type of Eisenhower and Bradley, and the G. I. general, who makes a MacArthur look as dated as the handle-bar mustache, is an interesting and engaging figure; but his portrait remains to be drawn.

Departure and Return

EXILE'S RETURN. A LITERARY ODYSSEY OF THE 1920's. By Malcolm Cowley. The Viking Press. $3.50.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. THE MAN AND HIS WORK. Edited by Alfred Kazin. The World Publishing Company. $3.

THE STORIES OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. A Selection of Twenty-eight Stories. With an Introduction by Malcolm Cowley. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

MALCOLM COWLEY should be proud that his historico-biographical narrative of the 1920's, published in 1934, can impress us, after only minor revisions, as an even more substantial account than at first it seemed. In the epilogue to this edition he needs only to make more precise the implicit thesis of the original: the revolutionary writers of that supposedly iconoclastic decade—especially the America-scorning exiles—imagining that they were repudiating their past in turning to foreign models, were in fact reenacting the persistent pattern of American literary endeavor. Being ignorant of their own literature, they knew not that they were repeating a form of behavior inaugurated by Charles Brockden Brown.

This fundamental design consists in the cutting off of a generation (be it few or many) of sensitive intellectuals from "nature"—from the dirt roads and "the fields where you once played barefoot," whether in the Schoharie Valley, the red-clay gullies of Tennessee, or the empty lots of St. Paul. For these barefoot boys formal schooling was "a long process of deracination"; in this particular case a world war made severance especially drastic. By 1920 this generation were haunted with the question of whether their "home" had any existence outside their memory, of whether they could ever be once again incorporated into its common life.

As Cowley tells it, most of them, even by 1934, found a way back. Those who did not ended tragically; but this fundamental dichotomy—nature versus civilization—is the framework of either reconciliation or tragedy. In the course of performing their ritual of departure and return—or of shipwreck—they achieved a body of expression of which the prevailing characteristics are careful workmanship, a calculation of effects within a cultivatedly casual style, and a "gift for telling a headlong story full of violent action." In the perspective of history these qualities are more abiding than anything (if really anything) they thought they learned from Joyce, Valéry, or Proust. And in that same perspective these are exactly the qualities which Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, and James also acquired in their seemingly so different departures and returns. (Since the purely geographical dimension—the journey to Paris—becomes merely incidental, one may suggest that Whitman could be added to the list.)

To generalize, within the limits of recklessness, this drama of deracination—this impact of complexity upon simplicity, of civilization upon nature; this resistance, more or less doomed, of America to Europe, of West to East, of country to city—is the persistent theme of American literature. From Bryant's poetry and Cooper's Leatherstocking, it runs consistently through Mark Twain and Frank Norris, to "Arrowsmith." Arthur Mizener, with a perspicuity not always granted to the critics of Scott Fitzgerald whom Alfred Kazin has assembled, finds it the basic theme of the one writer of the 1920's in whom the renewed interest of today would otherwise be baffling.

In his 1946 essay, subsequently incorporated in the biography, Mizener called "The Great Gatsby" a tragic pastoral, wherein the East stands as the exemplar of urban sophistication and corruption, while the West ("the bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio") incarnates simple virtue.

It is surprising how little this clue is followed in the other critiques, including that of Cowley, which he has reworked to serve as the introduction to his collection of Fitzgerald's stories. Each of these studies may say, individually, perceptive things; yet the effect of reading them all in sequence is depressing—especially those written after Fitzgerald's death and with "The Crack-up" behind them, those which attempt to fix his permanent significance. I think it fair to say that no one of them does it; and that the observer is forced to regard the whole collection as even more enigmatical than the renewed vogue of the author himself.

All of them share, as I do, the anger of Dos Passos against those treatments which see in Fitzgerald no more than a phenomenon of his decade, which assume he can be adequately discussed "in terms of last summer's style in ladies' hats." Yet since most of them repetitiously and inevitably ring changes upon the same haunting sentences from "The Crack-up," they become in the mass a chorus of lamentation which finally reduces that confessional to mere pathos, notwithstanding those who, like Mark Schorer, contend that it transcends sentimentality.

Assuredly on the basis of this evidence there is something about Fitzgerald that lures his critics into making their justifications of him justifications of themselves. Most of them can talk of him only as a unique occurrence, solely in his own definitions. Lionel Trilling does indeed invoke portentous comparisons with Goethe, Balzac, and Proust; he has to acknowledge that by adducing such great names he may be doing Fitzgerald a disservice, "the disproportion being so large," but even so, the effect of his essay is rather to testify to Trilling's erudition than to illuminate Fitzgerald.

What they all, Trilling along with the others, seem to shy away from is what Edward Wilson, Fitzgerald's "literary conscience," said as early as 1925: that Fitzgerald had no intellect, no "aesthetic ideal"—in short, no ideas. The im-

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pression of mere pathos, which *is* the cumulative effect of these articles, flows from the fact that they cannot present the content of Fitzgerald's experience—which is preeminently the experience that provides content in Cowley's collection—as other than cheap, tawdry, and histrionic. Had he written no more than the first two novels and the early stories, Fitzgerald would be today merely the chronicler of a (factitious) Jazz Age. Had he written only "Tender Is the Night," he would be a monument of self-pity. For all its fine objectivity, "The Crack-up" is a record of folly.

Which brings us back to Cowley's thesis: what makes Fitzgerald viable, despite his intellectual poverty, is the intensity of his concentration upon what was, in itself, a limited and even a silly segment of American experience. A lust to act like the rich, to make a splurge, to be a success-boy—all this might be seen in a saner perspective. But Fitzgerald saw it otherwise; hence the frenzy of his fascination could lead only to satiety, disgust, and revulsion, even though he attained no more than a dim—however redeeming—comprehension.

The experience alone (the material of "Gatsby") is trivial; the writing is not. To compare small things with great, an analogy might be Rousseau: Jean-Jacques made out of his idiocies and his ignorance, let alone his impotence, such cosmic assertions that he became to his contemporaries a rallying slogan of the heart against heartless sophistication and urban corruption.

No one of these critics quite says this, but when they are arrayed together, they all in effect keen over the "failure" of Fitzgerald—as he does himself in "Babylon Revisited"—in the way romantics did over Rousseau. Finding in him a last-ditch stand of nature against artificiality, these sophisticates can eulogize even his defects. Several of them call him "romantic," though with a notable lack of consistency in meaning; yet from this collection of apologias (as most of them are) emerges a startling documentation of the respect in which the American romantic differs from the European: he is not hungry, like Faust or Byron, for all experience, because, whether out of simplicity or arrogance, he is too intent upon just what he is experiencing. The limits may be narrow, but the pretentiousness is less.

It just may be that by one of those miracles which constitute literature—especially in America—the most commonplace of themes can, if fastened upon with sufficient passion, reverberate with all the anxieties of an epoch. Fitzgerald came out of the West, dedicated to social climbing and conspicuous waste; out of his life he made a moral discourse. It just may be that Natty Bumppo's elegy, in "The Pioneers," upon the profligate slaughter by civilization of nature's pigeons throws more light upon Fitzgerald's attitude toward Long Island and Paris—toward Daisy and Nicole—than any effort to stigmatize him as the spokesman for a decade that lacked prudence.

PERRY MILLER

House of Nightmare

HOUSE OF LIARS. By Elsa Morante. Translated by Adrienne Foulke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

THIS is a hard book to read. And let us deal with the objection that the translation may be at fault: the Englishing, the work of Miss Foulke aided by Mr. Chiappe, seems above reproach. The words flow, the pictures succeed one another with a poignant grace of language which can only be thought to enhance, not to traduce, the original.

Still, it is a cumbersome book, not easy to get through. This has partly to do with the fact that Miss Morante is writing out of her epoch. She is giving us, in too extended form, a cross between a Gothic tale and a picaresque novel, the legend of a moth-balled world which has two levels of interest: the one, the intrigues within her infinitely sordid and stagnant leading family; the other, the Sicilian shadow-world which is its background. The writer is an observant, stick-to-itive young woman: nothing escapes her. And she recreates the Palermo of two hundred years ago—which is also the Palermo of yesterday about which she is writing—with painful exactitude. Her splendid vignettes of the particular insular culture she seeks to explore are full of smoky fire. Her characters are unremittingly grim and squalid in their lives, their interests, their pervasive, hateful lassitude. And, no question about it, many Sicilians are like that. But, oh, the boredom of going through six hundred pages of it, relieved here and there by a perceptive human generalization, an observation in the historico-social vein of such rare quality that one stops, amazed, and says, but this is not a dull book after all!

Elsa Morante has, it seems, been writing from early youth. She has contributed, first, children's stories, then short stories and novelettes, to the leading Italian dailies for the past fifteen years or so. Her literary *mythos,* therefore, can in no way be attributed to her marriage to an important Italian novelist, Moravia. The coupling of his career and hers on the jacket of "House of Liars" can do no harm; yet it would be unfair to Elsa Morante not to say that her work is strictly her own. Mistress of the voluminous page, she takes little from her husband's understated, overcharged school.

"House of Liars" is a vast work, and unlike our fat best-sellers of the "Woman of Property" type, it deals with a world which is to us exotic. Otherwise, I submit that it does not differ greatly from these overblown hunks of "literature." Miss Morante writes about what she knows, and she seeks fictional pegs simplified to suit her literary purpose. By projecting the Sicilian world against a screen she will at times silhouette and exaggerate certain details; at other times by putting a light behind a slide she will seem to diminish other views, making them appear as perfect and as unreal as detailed miniatures. Obviously, it is the family, the Cerentano of Palermo, who are silhouetted and exaggerated to heroic size, as indeed they saw themselves; and it is the rare and acutely etched Sicilian scenes, the religious fanaticism, the idiotic hierarchical social system, the life of the peasants as they grub to accumulate enough to educate a child, which are reduced to minute proportions. The author sometimes seems to query whether she is right in her dosage: so much emotional (not specifically sexual) perversions, so much world-weary pessimism, so much erotic adventure, so much local color, then let's do the turn over again. But she never settles on what that just percentage should be.

Morante's characters stand about as rather stunning effigies, while she ad-

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mits her preference for the most perverse of them ("my incurable partiality for my character, Edoardo"). They are not rounded in their relationship to one another: hence her preferred character must be the *deus ex machina* who makes the others hop, for they have not enough visceral or cerebral validity to hop of their own accord.

Art has the almost miraculous thrust of spontaneity, and this thrust is absent from Morante's pages. The attentive reader, thrilled by certain undeniable sensitivities and observant qualities of the writer, is not the less aware of the effort it has cost to put together these scenes, this panorama, page by page.

"House of Liars" is in the form of a flashback, a flashback which lasts 350 pages before we pick up the thread of the opening chapter. The author's narrator is, like herself, a young, brooding, and, we assume, solitary Sicilian who, by a trick of fate—that is, a bereavement—takes the reader into her confidence and retraces the story of her family, its inability to come to grips with either emotional or economic reality, its infinite capacity for illusion and for hate. (I do not wish to imply that the novel is autobiographical, which would be pure twaddle, but the narrator's eye is Miss Morante's and the reaction to the Sicilian world is hers, although the specific incidents may have little or no relation to personal, subjective experience.)

The thing for the foreign reader to decide is whether or not, when works of this kind come loudly heralded on to the international literary scene, there is such intrinsic merit in the book as will broadly communicate what is authentic in its background; that is, when the chips are down, is there enough of value in it to justify its introduction to that international public as the opening of a window on a hitherto partially or incorrectly known world. Certainly, the Morante book does effectively present aspects of the Sicilian genus which are largely ignored even in other parts of Italy. But it's a far cry from this admission to the heralding of the book as a piece of "fictional magic." Its structure is clumsy and verbose, its technique shows, and its characters move because they are moved, perversely and arbitrarily, by one of them. Now it is always easy to retort that these defects are not defects at all because they were consciously so planned by the author; and such counter-argument leaves the critic speechless, of course. But my admiration for Morante's obvious capacities is too great to hope that her errors were "plants": I believe she will do a better book next time. And since I am sure she is not a one-Gothic-tale author, I look forward to what she will offer us now that this great monster of a work is off her mind.

FRANCES KEENE

How to Make Friends

U. S. A., THE PERMANENT REVOLUTION. By the Editors of *Fortune* in Collaboration with Russell W. Davenport. Prentice-Hall. $3.75.

THIS is a book it would be easy to mock. Poorly written, its pages liberally sprinkled with errors, it oscillates abruptly between the empty cliché and the hollow generalization. In its loose exaggerations, its portentous declamation, its meaningless verbiage, it illustrates, unwittingly, many of the faults of contemporary journalism.

Yet it would be a mistake to approach the book with an eye trained on these deficiencies only. For the editors of *Fortune* here have something to say; and the raucous manner of the saying ought not to obscure either the fact that they have a message or the import of the message itself.

For more than a half-century discussion of America has taken a predominantly negative tone. This is the legacy of the muckrakers, or rather of the conditions that produced the muckrakers. By contrast with an earlier period when the United States was identified with freedom and opportunity, it has become associated, by friends and enemies alike, with the unrestrained materialism of capitalist culture.

The authors of "U. S. A., the Permanent Revolution" believe that this view conceals the real achievement of American civilization and its capacity to contribute now to human welfare everywhere. This volume attempts to assess that achievement. To the editors of *Fortune* the enduring contribution of our civilization consists of a proposition—the inviolability of the human individual—and a system of liberty, equality, and constitutionalism. The operations of the proposition and the system they observe in the structure of the economy, in the organization of labor, in politics, and in associational life; in each area there is evolving a characteristic pattern of cooperative individualism. The proposition and the system which constitute the permanent revolution have evolved in a distinctive American form, but they contain universal implications which, translated into our foreign policy, might extend the permanent revolution to the whole world.

Thus, to the editors of *Fortune* the contents of the permanent revolution are ideas which right-thinking people can be induced to adopt by persuasion. America's task is to sell these values abroad, presumably with the aid of the appropriate public-relations techniques. We must let the world see how liberty, equality, and individualism have paid off in a succession of rewards for virtue. The proficiency of our technology, the high wages of our labor force, the multiplicity of our societies will induce people everywhere to adopt our values in the expectation that they too may reach a happy ending.

This vision of America's relationship to the rest of the world expresses, implicitly, a genuine sense of uneasiness about the ideological deficiencies of the Point Four program and its antecedents. When President Truman proposed that the United States supply capital and technical aid to underdeveloped areas, he had in mind assistance that would enable the backward portions of the globe to expand their technology in industry and agriculture and ultimately to raise the standards of living of their populations. The underlying assumption of the program was that an improved level of production would in itself encourage democratic forces, inhibit Communist trends, and create friends for the United States.

Much of our recent history casts doubt on that assumption. In many underdeveloped regions industrialization, stimulated from without, has strengthened the anti-democratic forces of the right and the left and has generated a nationalistic atmosphere deeply hostile to this country. The experience of Iran, and of the Near East in general, has presented us with the trou-

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bling possibility that we may be endowing these people with equipment they may some day transfer to our enemies to be used against us, somewhat in the manner of the arms that went to Chiang's army.

The difficulty is that by exporting our wealth in terms of machines and things we only confirm the stereotype of American culture created by those inimical to it—the image of a rapacious, materialistic capitalism disregardful of all values but those of gold. Aid, even when motivated by the purest humanitarianism, under these circumstances, will inevitably take on the appearance of a bribe.

It may be that the addition of the American ideology to our articles of export would lend a new depth to our foreign policy, would make our assistance meaningful to strata of society to which it has not hitherto penetrated, and give our potential friends the intellectual weapons with which to resist the intellectual aggressions of fascism and communism. After all, there was a time when America was the light of liberty to the world; and that time was not so long ago that it cannot be recaptured.

But the task will not be so simple as the editors of *Fortune* imagine. It is all very well to propose, as they do, an immediate offer of the right of free trade and free migration to the free nations. But to suppose that a Congress which could scarcely tolerate the admission of a handful of D. P.'s would suddenly raze both its tariff and immigration walls requires an unimaginable optimism. Unhappily, not a few Americans have themselves lost faith in the American system and the American proposition, and they will all the time be handing over to our enemies ammunition with which to explode our professions of democracy.

Perhaps, then, we face a twofold task. American democracy is not simply a creed but a way of life; in this country liberty, equality, and individual dignity have survived because they have been imbedded in the economic forms, the institutional structure, and the patterns of personal behavior of our society. If we would teach by example, we must be vigilant lest flaws appear in our model.

And if we are eager to have the American Revolution extend beyond our own borders, we must both clarify our objectives in the terms the editors of *Fortune* desire and also assist in the creation of the conditions of life everywhere in which liberty, equality, and individual dignity can have real meaning. That may take continuing sacrifices, graver than any the authors of this volume contemplate. But it would only be fulfilling an ancient commitment that the men of 1776 recognized when they proclaimed the cause of America to be the cause of all mankind.

OSCAR HANDLIN

"The Mechanism of Necessity"

WAITING FOR GOD. By Simone Weil. Translated by Emma Craufurd. Introduction by Leslie A. Fiedler. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

AMERICAN readers who already know Simone Weil's essays from *Commentary* and *Politics,* in particular her little masterpiece of literary criticism called The Iliad: or, The Poem of Force, will probably be disappointed by this posthumous, book-length collection of her essays and letters. For here one finds nothing but a constant religious obsession, which is at times absurdly intense:

> If it were conceivable that one might be damned by obeying God and saved by disobeying him, I would none the less obey him.

Again, with excruciating piety:

> . . . every time I think of the crucifixion of Christ I commit the sin of envy.

When she speaks of education, Simone Weil considers it only as a valuable means to cultivate the "attention" necessary for prayer; how much the schoolchild actually learns is immaterial. Beauty and friendship exist only in so far as God inspires them. Punishment by the law must also have a basis in religion; its entire meaning lies in gaining "from the accused his consent to the punishment inflicted, a consent of which the innocent Christ has given us the perfect model." This last observation brings us to Simone Weil's central and most profound belief—that "affliction," a favorite, carefully analyzed word, is the sublimest of human values.

To trace her complex ideas we must assume as she does that all the forces in existence—chemical, physical, biological, and in a sense political, social, economic—are destructive to man, bringing him to inescapable ruin. These forces she collectively terms "the mechanism of necessity," and the true significance of the mechanism she describes in these three respects:

1. Although a thing completely evil from a human viewpoint, seen from "beyond the universe, beyond space and time to where our Father dwells," the mechanism is an object of extreme beauty. For, having no consciousness and no power of choice, it exemplifies the perfect acceptance of God's will.

2. Indirectly, it makes all of us conform. The mechanism is never outwitted. "The only choice given to men, as intelligent and free creatures, is to desire obedience or not to desire it."

3. Finally, the mechanism is a spirit-

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nal instrument. It has so far been considered as something both obedient to God and compelling human obedience; it must now be considered as having a spiritual intention of its own. (Read carefully.) The universe came into being because God *thought* it: it was a conception in God's mind. When God so created the universe, he also made Christ, who was at once God himself and an idea of God's. In actuality, we repeat, Father and Son are identical, inseparable, but in Christ's belief they are not. Now, God is love, and hence the division Christ supposes between himself and God becomes "the distance put by Love between God and God." The distance Simone Weil speaks of here is the universe. And the mechanism governing the universe might be called the anguish with which Christ imagines his separation from God. The mechanism is the sense in which Christ feels the disunity of that absolute love which is God. Simone Weil continues:

> As for us men, our misery gives us the infinitely precious privilege of sharing in this distance placed between the Son and his Father. . . . There cannot be a greater good on earth for us than to share in it. God can never be perfectly present to us here below on account of our flesh. But he can be almost perfectly absent from us in complete affliction. . . . That is why the Cross is our only hope.

She proclaims elsewhere that ". . . cruelty, torture, violent death, constraint, terror, sickness—all these are God's love!"

In case any readers of this review have not heard of Simone Weil, a word or two about her would certainly be appropriate. Her life was as elusive, paradox-ridden, and inexplicable as her own literary technique. Politically, she was known as an active radical in her youth, and fought briefly with the Loyalists on the Catalonian front; later on, she sought a post under the Vichy regime; rejected, she made her way to England, and wrote a book for the Free French government in exile describing what a truly Christian France would be like. A successful teacher, an essayist everywhere acclaimed, an excellent classics student, she kept abandoning her gifts to work as a laborer in the fields, and spent a two-year period in the Renault automobile works in order to crush her own personality and become as much an anonymous "slave" as all other people. Born into a middle-class Jewish family in 1909, her entire intellectual career was a search for Christian values, and a process of waiting for God (hence the title) to summon her to the Catholic church; a thinly veiled suicide by starvation ended her life in 1943.

Examining Simone Weil's philosophy in this book and examining the three or four personal histories it contains, I remembered an observation Hesse made in "Steppenwolf." He said that self-denial and self-torment are only a form of egotism. CHARLES SPIELBERGER

Books in Brief

THE CELEBRITY. By Laura Z. Hobson. Simon and Schuster. $3.50. Mrs. Hobson's new hero is an impecunious and idealistic novelist whose fifth book, in praise of One World, hits the jackpot through a fluke book-club acceptance and a subsequent translation into a big-budget but "honest" movie. Although she toys with the widening circles created by such an isolated event, Mrs. Hobson is primarily concerned with how, in the face of sudden good fortune, the kindly novelist and his good wife keep their heads while less firmly anchored relatives are losing theirs. The story, replete with the names of movie stars and fashionable restaurants and the big numbers that go with both, has the fascination of those picture-stories of the creative man that make such good barbershop reading. Yet one's ultimate impression, as with the picture magazines, is one of utter irrelevance to the true meaning of the problems discussed. For there is no indication of any understanding of the state of affairs in which an expression of genteel liberalism is a potential gold mine, and the digger of the mine a potential celebrity of the caliber of Frank Sinatra, Oscar Hammerstein—or Laura Z. Hobson.

THE INDIGO BUNTING, A MEMOIR OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. By Vincent Sheean. Harper and Brothers. $2.50. Issued almost exactly a year after the poet's death, this appreciation of Miss Millay, her work and her spirit, is intended with affection, admiration, and a touch of awe. The frontispiece is a photograph of the poet, and there is a snapshot on the back jacket; in the text are many word-pictures, which the author's own admissions of mistakes and inaccurate memory lead one to regard as correct in their general impression rather than in their immediate detail. Mr. Sheean quotes lavishly from Miss Millay's poetry, which he admires, without seeming at all troubled by the fact that The Little Hill, for instance, was probably one of the worst things she ever wrote. It is good to have loving memorials of worth-while people, even though it may be a little embarrassing to have them in this particular blend of I-was-there journalese, gush, and twitter.

ALEUTIANS, GILBERTS, AND MARSHALLS. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown. $6. The seventh volume of this superbly written and illustrated "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II" covers the period of June, 1942, to April, 1944, and includes Tarawa and Kwajalein. Lucid, dramatic, and authoritative, this is naval history at its peak.

WILLIAM JAY GAYNOR, MAYOR OF NEW YORK. By Mortimer Smith. Regnery. $2.50. A concise and readable biography of a half-forgotten figure of the past whose honesty, picturesqueness, and gift for the pithy phrase might have made him President had it not been for his even greater gifts for irritable and eccentric conduct and for feuding with the journalists of his day. An interesting character brought to life in a frank and judicious book.

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

BERNARD SHAW lived and wrote for more than a quarter of a century after "St. Joan" was first produced. Yet there is a sense in which it was his last real play as distinguished from the meandering and self-indulgent though sometimes brilliant discourses he wrote in what he himself used to call his dotage. Quite possibly it will live longer in the theater than any of the others, and from at least one point of view

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those critics who said at the time that it was his best play were therefore probably right. Using a word of which he was exceedingly suspicious, they said that it had more "humanity" than any of the others, and without quibbling over the word it can be admitted that they were right about that also.

For one thing, all the others, including all the other "historical" comedies, actually take place in the Realm of Discourse, not the realm of England or Egypt or Rome, whereas the late medieval world of "St. Joan" is at least recognizably actually that. For another, Joan herself is a character and not, like nearly all the others, merely a configuration of opinions more or less enlivened by mannerisms. She was a woman after Shaw's own heart—sexless and dedicated to a purpose—therefore perhaps the only one whom he loved instead of merely agreeing or disagreeing with. And for all those reasons "St. Joan" has, more than any of the others, the conventional virtues of a play as well as its full share of the peculiarly Shavian ones.

The highly satisfactory revival now current at the Cort Theater misses none of these points. Margaret Webster's direction makes it move rather more swiftly than my memory of other performances prepared me to expect, and, not at all surprisingly, she stages it in such a way as to suggest that resemblance to an Elizabethan "chronical history" which Shaw himself was probably aware of. Indeed, I liked her management of the pageantry rather better than I have liked that in some of her Shakespearean plays because it seems less fussy and less cluttered. Uta Hagen gives a very "human" interpretation—of which more in a moment—and at the same time none of the Shavian theses fail to emerge clearly. I use the plural advisedly, for there is no play by Shaw which does not have several, even though the relation of one to another, sometimes even the compatibility of one with the other, is not always too evident.

In "St. Joan" there are at least three. The simplest is the contention of Shaw the more or less Marxian philosopher of history that Joan, without quite understanding her role, announces that transition from feudalism to nationalism which is a necessary stage in the development of an ultimate world government. In the second thesis Shaw the rationalist-mystic offers Joan as also an example of what may just as well be called the Saint, even by atheists, since we have to have a name for those who are more virtuous than our knowledge of human nature leads us to believe any human being can be—just as we have to have the word "genius" to label those who can do more with their minds than our knowledge of the human intelligence prepares us to believe possible. Finally, Shaw the political philosopher wants to expound the dilemma which arises out of his conviction that any effective government must enforce discipline, while at the same time it has no way of distinguishing with any assurance between incipient anarchy on the one hand and the genuine Gospel of the Future on the other.

None of these theses has been "dated" by the passage of more than a quarter of a century. As a matter of fact, the obvious parallel between the premises of the Inquisition and those of the rulers of even the more mild-mannered totalitarian states is closer than it seemed in 1923. The solution arrived at in the fifteenth century and apparently accepted by Shaw may be stated thus: Heretics and Saints alike will have to be burned because we can only know which was which after we have had time to observe which manage to survive the ordeal by fire. If that solution seems to many even less satisfactory than it did when "St. Joan" was new, it is more and more frankly accepted by others.

All the roles in the present production are played at least adequately, and most of them are performed a good deal better than that. Miss Hagen, who has always been associated in my mind with plaintive rather than with heroic parts, gives an extraordinarily direct, simple, unaffected, and powerful interpretation. Perhaps she does not have all the youthful fire, all the supreme, almost cocky self-confidence of Winifred Lenihan, who created the role in New York. She is certainly—and quite properly—less stately than Katharine Cornell. But in the opening scenes she manages to suggest very delightfully the hoydenish country-girl heartiness of the Joan who does not yet quite know her own importance, and later she achieves something which is certainly more difficult: she makes us believe in the Joan who realizes that she has been called upon to enact a part whose significance she cannot quite understand but which she knows she has, nevertheless, the strength to play out to the end. Miss Hagen must become a saint and at the same time avoid the air of being a plaster one. That she succeeds is proof of more than ordinary talent.

THE only thing worthy of comment in "Glad Tidings" at the Lyceum is Signe Hasso—cast as an unwed mother whose regular line is acting; her performance showed a determination to overcome poor writing, poor direction, and frightful reviews that was truly titanic. C. H.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

OF THE two new works presented by the New York City Ballet in September, Balanchine's "A la françaix," to an engaging score by Jean Françaix, was a small-scale piece with charming dance invention for the gaiety of the scenes with Janet Reed, and a bit of the kind of dead-pan comic invention that Balanchine gave us at greater length in the "Scheherazade" burlesque of "On Your Toes." The piece was danced to perfection by Reed, Eglevsky, Tallchief, Hobi, and Tobias; but in one of the performances Melissa Hayden's powers of dead-pan comedy proved to be less than Tallchief's. I must add a reservation about the surprise ending—the sylphide's transformation into a bathing beauty, which made no sense to me in relation to the rest of the piece.

As for Bolender's "The Miraculous Mandarin," except for a few lovely details in the pas de deux its movements achieved only the literal telling of the gruesome story, with help from the hideous Bartok score; and that made it another example of the kind of ballet which interests a lot of other people more than it does me.

In addition Balanchine's "Concerto Barocco" was restored to the repertory, a little ragged by the time I got to see it, but still excitingly beautiful as a result of being restudied, having Tallchief and Adams in the solo parts, and

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being costumed in black tights which made the movements sharply outlined and clear.

What Vanguard has issued as Schubert's "Gastein" Symphony is his Grand Duo for piano four hands as orchestrated by Joachim. Whether it really is the lost "Gastein" Symphony—about which there is disagreement—is less important than the fact that Joachim's orchestration sounds right and is the means of bringing to the public's ear a work it has been the poorer for not knowing—one whose first movement has beautiful ideas and a remarkably concise structure for Schubert, whose second movement is charming, and whose scherzo movement has a wonderful trio section. It is played superbly by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Prohaska; and the record produces the same cleanly defined beautiful sound as did the one of Mahler's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."

Also off the beaten track of the orchestral repertory is Weber's Concertino for clarinet and orchestra, which has the charm and grace of Weber's music. The performance is by Alfred Bürkner with the Berlin Philharmonic under Ernst Schrader; and the sensitiveness and grace of Bürkner's treatment of both instrument and music make his the most beautiful clarinet playing I have heard in a long time. The recorded sound is a little sharp. On the same Urania record are the uninteresting early Symphony No. 2, played well by the Radio Berlin Symphony under Heger, and the Overtures to "Oberon" and "Euryanthe," played with excessive changes in pace by the same orchestra under Artur Rother. The sound of the "Oberon" is unpleasantly sharp.

As for the standard repertory, an outstanding release is the Columbia record of Schumann's Piano Concerto, which introduces to the American public the playing of Dinu Lipatti—unfailingly beautiful in tone and precise in execution, and with unfailing taste and feeling for continuity in phrase and structure operating even in the traditional mannered style in which he plays the music with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Von Karajan. This is the best of the performances now available, and in fact the only good one.

Outstanding also is the RCA Victor record with the Toscanini-N. B. C. Symphony performance of Strauss's "Don Juan." Treble must be stepped up; and even then the sound of Siegfried's Rhine Journey on the reverse side is not spacious.

Interesting rather than effective is Strauss's own performance of his masterpiece, "Don Quixote," with the Bavarian State Orchestra, on a Decca record. Perhaps it would be more effective if the dubbed sound, which requires much stepping up of treble, were clearer. Surfaces are gritty.

Franck's lovely, though characteristically repetitiously "Psyché" is played beautifully by the Linz Bruckner Symphony under L. G. Jochum, and Berlioz's "Les Francs-Juges" Overture, one of his less interesting pieces, is played by the Radio Berlin Symphony under Celibidache, on a gritty-surfaced Urania record.

A good performance of Chausson's "Poème" by Francescatti and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy is reproduced by the Columbia record with more beauty of sound than some of their previous performances. But even with treble stepped up Leonard Rose's tone sounds dry in its upper range and the New York Philharmonic lacks radiance in climaxes, in their excellent performance of Bloch's "Schelomo" under Mitropoulos, on another Columbia record.

Beethoven's "Eroica" gets a straightforward performance, with the first movement lacking the prescribed *brio*, by Schuricht and the Berlin Philharmonic (Decca). The dubbed sound requires stepping up of treble, and even then woodwinds are weak; and surfaces crackle. Even worse dubbed sound and poor performances make the Decca records of Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 2 and Franck's Symphonic Variations things to skip; and the Brahms-Haydn Variations are better reproduced but not well played. Bruno Walter's performance of Beethoven's Seventh with the New York Philharmonic (Columbia) almost dies on its feet in the first movement and introduces melting nuances and hesitations into the second. An excellent and well-recorded performance by Keilberth and the Berlin Philharmonic is wasted on Brahms's First (Capitol). Dvorak's Violin Concerto, one of his less interesting works, is well performed by Milstein with the Minneapolis Symphony under Dorati on an RCA Victor LP which reproduces the solo violin well but the orchestra without warmth and radiance. And Stokowski produces fabulously beautiful orchestral sounds in Debussy's Nocturnes and "Faun" (RCA Victor), but his performances are something to skip.

CONTRIBUTORS

PERRY MILLER, professor of the history of literature at Harvard University, is author of "The New England Mind" and "Jonathan Edwards."

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Letters to the Editors

Academic Freedom at Fairmont

Dear Sirs: Not only did the West Virginia Board of Education fail to grant Dr. Luella R. Mundel a fair hearing, as you pointed out in your September 29 issue, but in its public announcement following its closed meeting of September 5-6 it misquoted and distorted the meaning of statements made to it by the president of Fairmont State College, Dr. George H. Hand. Its minutes of the July meeting claimed that it had made "a thorough investigation" of the case, but the board, which meets in Charleston, West Virginia, has to the best of my knowledge made no such investigation.

Moreover, it failed to publish the fact that a petition signed by more than 125 summer-school students at Fairmont State College had been forwarded to the board's president, Garland L. Dunn, urging the reinstatement of Dr. Mundel, or that Dr. Hand's nine-page report on her fitness was substantially favorable to Dr. Mundel, whom he had recommended for reemployment *at an increase in salary.*

It is my belief that the board's action was taken to accommodate one of its members, Mrs. Thelma Brand Loudin of Fairmont, who would like to use her position on the board to intervene directly in the administration of Fairmont State College.

Following the board's failure to grant her a hearing, Dr. Mundel stated in a letter to the *West Virginian:*

> It is apparent from the statements given to the press by the State Board of Education, September 6, that the board's refusal to grant me a hearing is due to lack of evidence which can stand in court.
>
> Rumors about my religious beliefs and my remarks in behalf of civil liberties at an American Legion meeting in March, 1951, do not constitute legal evidence of non-performance of the duties of the position which I held. . . .

Nation readers, teachers particularly, will be encouraged to learn that Dr. Mundel has retained counsel and is filing suit for damages against Mrs. Loudin, charging slander and defamation of character in that Mrs. Loudin accused Dr. Mundel before the board of "being a bad security risk," an "atheist," and "incompetent."

Meanwhile the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors has supported Dr. Mundel's request that the national headquarters institute a thorough investigation and airing of the facts. A group of Charleston newspapermen have called upon the board and secured its agreement to admit the press to future meetings.

One Charleston paper, the *Daily Mail,* has criticized the board's action, charging that it, not Dr. Mundel, is on trial.

At the American Legion's so-called anti-subversive seminar, held at the end of last March—at which Dr. Mundel, I, and others asked questions designed to show that some of the professional anti-Communists were also opposed to democracy—Victor Lasky, a New York *Journal American* reporter and co-author of "Seeds of Treason," attacked the managing editor of your magazine and his latest book "Witch Hunt," Alan Barth's "Loyalty of Free Men," and the Washington *Post,* for which Barth writes.

Your readers might also be interested to know that on October 9 the Fairmont College Library Committee voted six to two (two members were absent) against labeling "subversive" literature. A request that the college librarian stamp all books and periodicals which were listed by the Un-American Activities Committee as "subversive" had been made by the Fairmont Anti-Subversive League to Dr. Hand. Dr. Hand told L. O. Bickel, commander of the Fairmont American Legion Post and head of the delegation, that it wasn't up to him to issue such an order but that he would pass the request on to the Library Committee, which was empowered to act on such matters.

The arguments that were advanced against labeling subversive literature at the Library Committee meeting were: (1) that the American Library Association had passed a resolution condemning labeling [see *The Nation,* September 15]; (2) that on the arguments advanced for labeling it would be equally applicable to label Catholic literature, Democratic literature, or Republican literature; (3) that compliance with the request would be a first step toward further concessions to self-appointed censorship groups.

HAROLD D. JONES,
Librarian, Fairmont State College.
Fairmont, W. Va.

Finger in the Pie

Dear Sirs: The question raised by Professor Lynd in his perceptive article Our "Racket" Society, in *The Nation* of August 25, as to whether organized labor can be expected to revitalize the languishing democratic elements in our midst has already been answered, in this writer's view, in the negative. There are two dominant characteristics in the labor movement today, and neither has much to do with the revitalization of democracy. One of these is parochialism; the other is the concept of unionism as a purely economic instrument.

Both these characteristics were vividly demonstrated during a recent strike by five hundred electrical engineers at a Brooklyn firm which designs and manufactures fire-control equipment for the navy. The engineers' union in this plant, an independent, was just three months old at the time of the walkout. While negotiations with the company were still going on, the independent approached the shop union in the same plant—I. U. E.-C. I. O., Local 460—to sound out the C. I. O.'s attitude in the event of a strike by the engineers. The independent was given an evasive reply to the effect that Taft-Hartley forbade sympathy strikes. Undaunted, the officers of the independent resolved to proceed with or without the C. I. O.'s help. When negotiations with the company broke down, a strike vote was held and the strike approved by an 85 per cent majority. On the first day of the walkout a few of the shop men, clinging to what is probably by now an outdated concept of unionism, hesitated before the picket lines. On the orders of higher-ups, the shop stewards thereupon sprang into action and bullied the men into the plant.

During the strike, which lasted a week, the independent's picket lines were violated time and again by the C. I. O. shop men and draftsmen, by truckmen delivering materials to the plant, and by longshoremen reporting to work at the Brooklyn piers. Only the Wells-Fargo pay-truck drivers, members of the A. F. of L. Teamsters' Union, showed the slightest regard for the picket lines. Since there was nothing to be gained by preventing the rest of the plant from receiving their pay, the independent engineers' union allowed the pay trucks to pass.

All during the strike, however, it was

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hinted by both the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. that if the independent would affiliate, the full weight of big labor would be thrown against the company and compel it to capitulate. Meanwhile, the only offer of financial assistance came from the independent International Association of Machinists and the Sperry Engineers' Association. It is an ironic commentary on the times, however, that the determining factor in calling the men back to work was neither the company nor the independent union but rather the pressure exerted by the navy on management to settle the strike and settle it quickly.

With this narrow, parochial view—that if you're not one of us you don't count—can anyone expect really constructive moves from big labor? It is much more likely, as Professor Lynd suggests, that in our "racket" society labor will become more and more closely tied to the chariot of big business. The inevitable corollary is increasing emphasis on bigness and the economic aspects of unionism, with less and less on the social and political aspects. The process, indeed, is under way and gains momentum daily. Since the great purges of 1948 the C. I. O., for instance, once the white hope of the liberals, has become increasingly tame and docile, so that today it is scarcely distinguishable from the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Where, for example, was organized labor during the fight against the Smith act? What have they done against arbitrary deportations, against the vicious loyalty oaths? What is their stand on McCarthyism?

What, indeed, has labor done in the interests of peace? To be just, it must be admitted that labor has put up a fight for decent economic controls, but one suspects that here again the fight is motivated more by considerations of the pocket-book than by an appreciation of the disastrous world-wide consequences that would follow uncontrolled inflation. Moreover, it is in a sense illogical to oppose inflation and at the same time remain silent while greater and greater sums are voted for armaments.

Today the fight for a better world—for peace, for economic planning, for a more equitable distribution of the world's goods—has become the province of a rapidly dwindling minority. Every day there are defections. It is a saddening thing to witness, albeit understandable, since it is so much easier to cut in on the racket than to oppose it. Fortunately, however, there may still be hope. The hope lies with individuals, with the kind of people who during the aforementioned strike wished the pickets well, with the two members of Local 460 who made unsolicited contributions to the independent's welfare fund, with others who crossed picket lines only because they were ordered to, and with the policemen who, although dispatched to squelch any potential disorder, spent most of their time exchanging quips and gripes with the pickets.

The enemy, as always, is power and authority. It is power and authority that thwart man's instinctive decent impulses, whether it is the power of the clergy, the power of labor bosses, or the power of Washington or the Kremlin.

HERBERT M. ORRELL

Woodside, N. Y.

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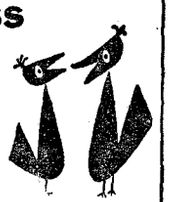

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A Huzzah for Hoover

Dear Sirs: The implications of the letter from George H. Horne which you published on September 22 are without foundation in fact—they are pure smears. Both Fall and Daugherty were convicted and sent to jail while Mr. Hoover was President. The Horne letter implies that every Cabinet member should set himself up as judge, jury, and prosecutor, keeping constantly in touch with every action of his colleagues. The fact is the Republicans cleaned up their own house. Coolidge, for example, appointed Owen Roberts and Democrat Attlee Pomerene as special prosecutors of Fall.

Mr. Horne, I presume, either did not bother to find out, or conveniently forgot, the honesty and courage Mr. Hoover exhibited when he made the following speech at the Harding Memorial:

. . . Warren Harding had a dim realization that he had been betrayed by a few of the men whom he had trusted, by men whom he had believed were his devoted friends. It was later proved in the courts of the land that these men had betrayed not alone the friendship and trust of their staunch and loyal friend but they had betrayed their country. That was the tragedy of the life of Warren Harding.

There are disloyalties and there are crimes which shock our sensibilities, which may bring suffering upon those who are touched by their immediate results. But there is no disloyalty and no crime in all the category of human weaknesses which compares with the failure of probity in the conduct of public trust. Monetary loss or even the shock to moral sensibilities is perhaps a passing thing, but the breaking down of the faith of a people in the honesty of their government and in the integrity of their institutions, the lowering of respect for the standards of honor which prevail in high places, are crimes for which punishment can never atone.

I don't think you will print this, but I hope I am wrong. I have had little evidence that you are interested in the whole truth.

ARTHUR KEMP

New York

Getting the Record Straight

Dear Sirs: In his report on the Japanese Peace Conference in your issue of September 22, 1951, Frederick Kuh stated that the affirmative answer of the Japanese delegation to the questions put by the Indonesian delegation was "prearranged by United States mediation with Pakistan's help."

It is an established and advisable practice at any international conference that delegations hold preliminary discussions with others with a view to obtaining from them possible commitments in regard to the objectives for which these delegations attend the conference. The Indonesian delegation, as reported, contacted the United States and Japanese delegations. In doing so, however, it preferred to dispense with the intermediary services of a third party.

It had been our experience that Pakistan stood ready to lend us support wherever and whenever we needed it. In the case of the Japanese peace treaty however, we did not solicit the assistance of Pakistan, and in no way has Pakistan been involved in our endeavors to attain the objective for which we took part in the conference.

L. N. PALAR,

Indonesian Delegate to the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference

New York

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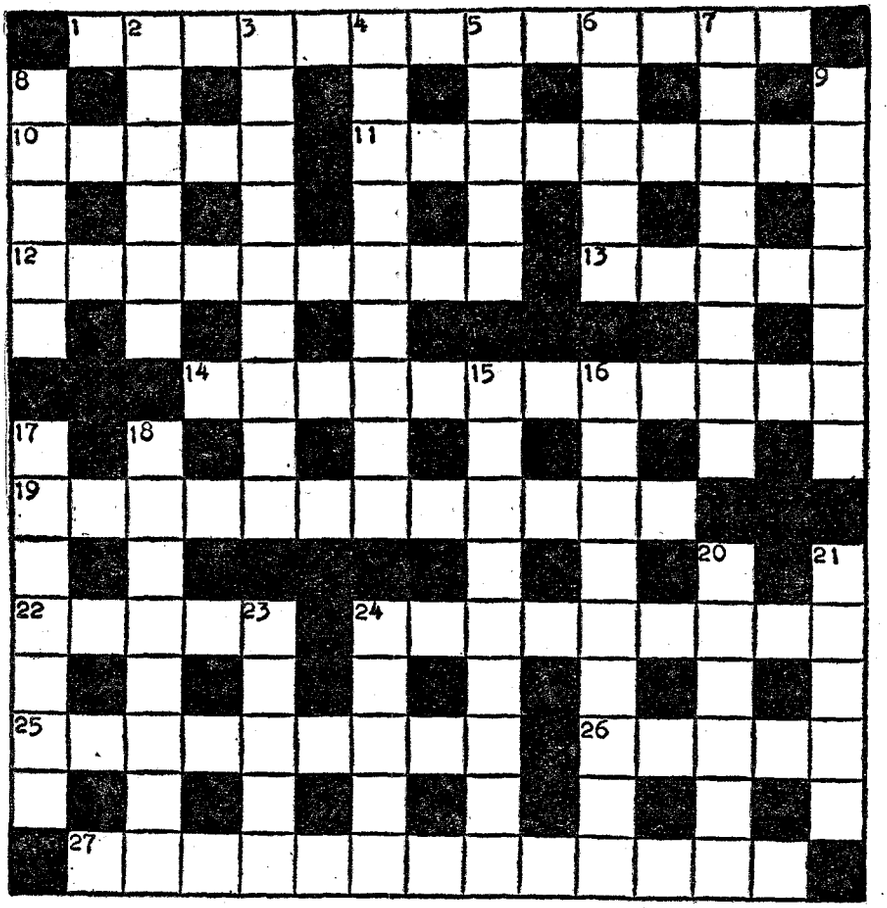
Crossword Puzzle No. 436

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A cowboy might sing of his troubles on it. (8, 5)
10 and 13. Sign of the meridian. (3, 2, 5)
11 Break an engagement to have another fling? (5, 4)
12 Implying one might forbid plenty in India. (9)
13 See 10.
14 MAUTICAN. (3-5-4)
19 Implying Stetson was relatively angry? (3, 2, 1, 6)
22 Bizet made music about a girl from here. (5)
24 What's in the old girl? (She's a perfect picture!) (5, 4)
25 You aren't, in case anybody asks you! (9)
26 A whiff of this was once prescribed to settle internal disturbances. (5)
27 Does one have to be to look for pearls in the soup? (6, 7)

DOWN

2 It is wrong in a way to create suspense. (6)
3 They sometimes go without proper fare for a time. (9)
4 Rising literary gentlemen with a cussword about a different profession. (9)
5 To become absorbed in something. (5)
6 It has its points, when applied to horseflesh. (5)
7 In the hole, otherwise! (9)
8 Peeler. (5)
9 Does one look for these little beggars in the sea? (7)
15 Obviously he doesn't fit in! (9)
16 The reasoning seems to be about nothing religious. (9)
17 Official in Ethiopia? One might get him a car out of it. (7)
18 You might see an image here with an effort. (8)
20 Pupils seldom do it in the open. (6)
21 Direct attention both ways. (5)
23 Assume a low position, and if you do it long enough you may acquire title. (5)
24 Draw up a way to cooks eggs. (5)

• • • • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 435

ACROSS:—1 BREEDS HILL; 6 KITH; 10 TOPPING; 11 VINEGAR; 12 POLEMICS; 13 IMAGE; 15 FATAL; 17 DALLIANCE; 19 ENDURANCE; 21 GLASS; 23 TENON; 24 BONE MEAL; 27 AGILELY; 28 ANIMIST; 30 JUST AS WELL.

DOWN:—1 BATS; 2 EXPLOIT; 3 DRIVE; 4 HAGRIDDEN; 5 and 29 LOVE SEATS; 7 INGRAIN; 8 HARTEBEEST; 9 INVITING; 14 EFFECTUATE; 16 LARYNGES; 18 LIE IN WAIT; 20 DENTIST; 22 ADAMITE; 24 BAYOU; 25 MAINS; 26 ET AL.

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